

THE MONTH

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1936

	PAGE
COMMENTS.....	By the Editor 481
"LIBERALISM" AND THE CHURCH. The "Syllabus Errorum" Justified.	
	By T. F. Woodlock 493
A RETURN TO GOD. The Case of Mr. Beverley Nichols	By John Murray 504
THE LADDER (Verse).....	By Charles G. Mortimer 512
THE THOUSANDTH CHANCE.....	By M. O'Rourke 513
MARY MAGNIFYING GOD (Verse).....	By X. 519
THE ENIGMA OF ERASMUS, 1466—1536	By W. P. MacDonagh 520
SEEING GOD (Verse).....	By H. M. Cross 527
IN A POET'S WORKSHOP. II. The Woodlark: By G. M. Hopkins	By Geoffrey Bliss 528
OUR CATHOLIC MARRIAGE SERVICE	By Herbert Thurston 536
TO ST. CHRISTOPHER (Verse).....	By C. M. F. G. Anderson 554
MISCELLANEA	547
I. Critical and Historical Notes.	
Reclaiming the Pontine Marshes.	
The Royal Academy Exhibition, 1936.	
II. Our Contemporaries.	
REVIEWS	556
1. <i>La Jeunesse d'Origène: Histoire de l'Ecole d'Alexandrie au Début du III^e Siècle.</i> By René Cadou. 2. <i>The Two Nations.</i> By Christopher Hollis. 3. <i>Catholicism in England: 1535—1935. The Portrait of a Minority: Its Culture and Tradition.</i> By David Mathew, Litt.D., M.A., F.S.A. 4. <i>La Révolution à refaire. I. Le Souverain Captif.</i> By André Tardieu.	By
SHORT NOTICES	563
BOOKS RECEIVED	576

Literary Communications, Exchanges, and Books for Review should be addressed to The Editor of "The Month," 31 Farm Street, Berkeley Square, London, W.1, and not to the Publishers: Business Communications to The Manager, Manresa Press, Roehampton, London, S.W.15, *who also receives subscriptions (1s. per annum post free).*

Articles submitted to the Editor should *always* be signed with the Name and Address of the Sender and include return postage.

All rights of translation and reproduction reserved.

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION
(SIXTIETH THOUSAND)

MANUAL OF PRAYERS FOR YOUTH

FIRST EDITED BY
REV. JOHN MORRIS, S.J. (1893)

REVISED AND ENLARGED BY
REV. JOSEPH RICKABY, S.J. (1910)

ENLARGED AND RE-ARRANGED BY
REV. JOSEPH KEATING, S.J. (1935)

Prices, in various bindings, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d.

THE MANRESA PRESS, ROEHAMPTON, S.W.15.

**"THIS ALONE TRUTH SOMETIMES CRAVES,
THAT IT BE NOT CONDEMNED UNHEARD"**

(Tertullian, quoted by the Holy Father in the
Encyclical *The Catholic Priesthood*)

**MORE THAN 1,300,000 PAMPHLETS OF THE
CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY ARE SOLD
ANNUALLY**

The C.T.S. will be grateful for YOUR support in this work of making known the Truth. The latest List of Publications, a copy of the Society's magazine, and a 24-page booklet on the C.T.S. and its work will be sent free on mention of this Review.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY

38-40 ECCLESTON SQUARE, LONDON, S.W. 1.

THE MONTH

VOL. CLXVII

JUNE, 1936

No. 864

EDITORIAL COMMENTS

A Survey of Catholic Forces

THE International Catholic Press Exhibition which was inaugurated at the Vatican by His Holiness himself on May 12th has brought together an imposing array of the products of the pen, which in the long run at any rate is mightier than the sword. The Catholic Press, which began with the New Testament, is, from the nature of the case, both expository and defensive of the Truth, and in an age which to a large extent has not only emancipated itself from faith in revelation, but abandoned even the natural belief in God, the scope for its exercise is exceedingly large. It has to provide the children of the Church with literary sustenance both for devotion and understanding, and at the same time to expose and refute the incessant attacks upon the Faith inspired by the "gates of hell" or springing from misinformed ignorance. Moreover, for those that still sit in the darkness of paganism a whole world of literature has been created suited to primitive mentalities. Room after room is filled with papers and periodicals of every sort, united in their common aim and inspiration, and their very abundance somehow provokes a suspicion that, as the children of this world are often wiser in their generation than those in the light of truth, there must be in every nation a corresponding mass of literature which this is intended to counteract. We fear that with little difficulty an International anti-Catholic Press Exhibition, perhaps even more extensive than this, could be brought together. As a matter of fact, there is to be seen to-day in Rome, although not publicly displayed, the nucleus of such a collection—an appalling array of formally atheistic periodical literature from all the chief countries, which shows against what a sleepless, unscrupulous, and ubiquitous foe the Catholic Press has to contend. Some of that literature, attacking modern social abuses from the standpoint of materialistic Communism, is well-written and outwardly respectable, but

VOL. CLXVII. JUNE, 1936.

FF

the bulk of it is a frank appeal to fallen human nature—to lust, covetousness, pride, envy and the other deadly sins which result in personal and social degradation. Generally speaking, it is attractively produced and written to suit all ages and degrees of culture. In this matter the Catholic Press has something to learn from such vile and vicious propaganda, and the Catholic public—"the children of light"—should be stimulated by perverted zeal of this sort to provide their own papers with more abundant means to counteract it.

Fight Destruction by Construction

THE Holy Father took occasion of the opening of the Exhibition to stress this primary function of the Catholic Press, by enlarging on the modern activities of Communism, a materialistic theory of life which denies or ignores God as Creator and Ruler of the world, subverts morality, and aims at destroying religion and the human rights based on the immortal destiny of the soul. A very ancient outcome of the rebellious spirit of fallen man, it has become highly organized and very widespread since the moral and political confusion caused by the Great War till it now displays most of the characteristics of the coming of Antichrist. The Papal warning—a repetition in great measure of those uttered previously, as in "Caritate Christi Compulsi" (1932), against militant atheism—should be gravely heeded by Catholics since it is their Faith that is primarily attacked and their apathy which makes the assault really dangerous. Really fervent members of the Church, armed as they are with supernatural powers—the panoply described by St. Paul—could easily beat off the forces of evil and spread Christ's Kingdom, were it not for the multitudes of unworthy Catholics whose lives betray their cause. The preachers of Communism find their most telling arguments in the iniquitous social conditions which many Catholics tamely tolerate. At the end of May, on the happy occasion of his eightieth birthday, the Pope is to address the representatives of Catholic Action, that mobilizing of the forces of the Faith which he has long had at heart. May the result show itself in the greatly increased support, here and elsewhere, of those Catholic societies the chief concern of which is the re-baptizing of apostate civilization and the dethronement of Mammon as a principle of social life. "Quadragesimo Anno" must not be let share the neglect that long befell "Rerum Novarum."

How to Defeat Communism

IT may seem a far cry from Communism to "The Grail," whose recent dramatic interpretation of "The Hound of Heaven" delighted the senses and edified the souls of many thousands of Catholic Londoners, but the connexion of ideas is really very close. Communism professes to give its votaries the joys of life of which religion deprives them: "The Grail" exists to show that "all these things" are to be found in the Kingdom of God and even in the very search for it. It emphatically denies that religion is a kill-joy or that Christian self-control and self-sacrifice induce the blight of Puritanic gloom. And so it enlists the arts, the drama, and literature in the service of God and the neighbour, and aims at making each of its settlements a centre of truly Christian culture. It realizes that man is made for happiness and that Nature is full of the traces of God's beauty, which fail to satisfy the heart only if we rest in them. Its methods, too, may be called communistic for, just as that creed of revolt propagates itself by forming "cells" of disaffection here and there amongst different classes of the community, so "The Grail" seeks to influence all classes of Catholic girlhood by identifying itself with their separate work and interests—not, of course, to spread revolt, but rather to show that happiness comes from obedience to God's law and true peace from the following of Christ. It is by sharing for a time in the actual employment of those they wish to help—taking posts in factories, offices, etc.—that Grail leaders learn to appreciate the difficulties that are found in such environment, and thus become so exceedingly practical in their teaching. Perhaps it was on that account that their rendering of "The Hound of Heaven"—a theme which so vividly expresses the central idea of their high calling: happiness through surrender—was so wonderfully inspiring.

The League or not the League?

NEVER was clear and right thinking so imperative as it is in the present phase of the long-drawn European crisis, when few countries are free from serious domestic strife and all are concerned in the threatened break-up of the international polity, painfully and precariously put together after the Great War. The Scriptural saying—"In the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom"—is not in this case

verified. The counsellors in this country are indeed numerous, but their aims and ideals are far from uniform, and their advice correspondingly chaotic. Socialists, imperialists, isolationists, militarists, pacifists, jostle each other in the columns of the Press, and only add to the confusion which they set out to remedy. There are those who wish to destroy the League of Nations, since it stands in the way of national aggrandizement—one may hope that such moral imbeciles are few, but they are certainly vociferous: others openly despair of the common sense of mankind, and hold that particular interests will always be too strong to allow combination for the interests of all; others wish to turn the League into a consultative body and make it even more impotent than it has proved to be, and again there are pleas for reform which aim at making it stronger. All the time the object of the League is lost sight of—yet that object is so reasonable in itself, so expressive of what all should desire, and so persuasively set forth, that its formal rejection would seem to savour of lunacy. It may be well to put down once more what "the High Contracting Parties" once thought to be the only safeguard against the repetition of 1914—1918. They agreed to the Covenant—

In order to promote international co-operation and to achieve international peace and security by

1. the acceptance of obligations not to resort to war,
2. the prescription of open, just and honourable relations between nations,
3. the firm establishment of the understandings of international law, as the actual rule of conduct amongst Governments, and
4. the maintenance of justice and a scrupulous respect for all treaty obligations in the dealings of organized peoples with one another.

What can abate Nationalism?

IT is common knowledge that some of the principal signatories of this plain statement showed how little they trusted to its observance by immediately forming partial alliances with members of the League, which of their own nature were necessarily exclusive and tended to reproduce the old antagonisms. And in one way or another the ideal of collective security, based upon "open, just and honourable rela-

tions between nations," was speedily discarded in practice in favour of the old uncertain system of rival armaments and the balance of power. Yet there is nothing in the four means expressed in the League Covenant to promote international co-operation, peace and security, which is not suggested by the merest common sense and common honesty. What is there in nationalism that prevents their adoption? The insistence on rights, the oblivion of duties and the ignoring of the fundamental unity and solidarity of the world. Since the disruption of Christendom and the gradual secularization of world-politics, the common standard of Christian justice and charity has been replaced by the shifting rule of expediency, and in this defect, more than in any inadequacy of machinery, lies the weakness of the League. Mr. Wells, whose letters to *The Times* (April 28th, May 19th) offer a really profound, if not always accurate, analysis of the peace problem, sees plainly enough that nothing narrower than a universal religion, transcending the self-regarding policies of the nation, can bring about that limitation of absolute sovereignty which a peaceful life in the world-community demands. His instancing, as supra-national bodies, the Catholic Church, the Red Cross, the Knights Templars, the Freemasons and the Communist party, shows the practical limitations of his outlook, but he has hit upon a basic truth.

Nationalism Gone Astray

THE denunciation of modern Nationalism by Baron Hammerstein Equord, a member of the Government of Austria, a country lying between two ultra-nationalist Great Powers, comes as a refreshing statement of the Christian view, and on that account is worth quoting here. This, then, is what the Austrian Minister of Justice said on May 17th :

The mortal enemy of Europe is nationalism—it is the eternal disturber of the peace, keeping Europe always in unrest. It is lunacy to separate European nations into superior and inferior categories, or to speak of the independent destiny or special mission of this or that nation, which runs counter to the tasks of other peoples or should be imposed on them. It is equally mad to talk of purity of blood in Europe. Only people who have nothing else to be proud of vaunt their national pride : those who have no firm basis within themselves take their stand on the

pedestal of the nation, so as to have some foothold. Until recently it was reckoned as barbarity to persecute a man on account of his religion, but to-day very grave relapses in this matter are to be seen.

The caps thus freely handed out by the Baron will fit many heads in other States besides the Totalitarian.

The Meaning of Sanctions

THE confusion of thought, which is not confined to non-Catholics, conspicuous in the Press debate upon the European situation, is nowhere more evident than in regard to the idea of sanctions. The endeavour of the League to apply Article XVI, which prescribes that when one of its members has been found guilty of unjust aggression the rest should, by a comprehensive boycott, guard themselves against sharing in his guilt, has been wrongly considered as a punitive act following a judicial sentence, whereas it is in essence only a refusal to co-operate in wrong-doing, and is, therefore, a course obligatory in conscience. That the boycotting nations themselves did not all see the matter in this light and did not make their boycott as complete and immediate as their pledges required, only indicates their imperfect realization of the moral law : on the other hand, that many broke off commercial and financial dealings with the declared aggressor to their own serious loss, proves that they really believed in collective security and were willing to pay for its maintenance. Article XVI prescribes a much more drastic procedure than was even attempted, and it is likely that a more speedy and courageous application of it would have succeeded in stopping the war at much less cost. As it was, by freely providing many of the necessities of war, such as oil and shipping, to the aggressor, the League members stultified their own decision, failed to effect their purpose, and shared in the guilt they condemned. The truth is that none of them seemed to have "thought out" the implications of his pledge and so, when asked to fulfil it, found it presented all sorts of difficulties and dangers, and, indeed, impossibilities.

Sanctions a Matter of Principle

YET the ethics of co-operation in sin are exceedingly plain. If, whilst providing a burglar with a jemmy and other implements of his craft, you sternly refuse him, say, an

electric torch, you will still incur the guilt of his theft. You must not help him at all: that negative attitude is the very minimum of your obligations. And he, on his part, cannot rightly complain of that attitude. Sanctions, *pace* Mr. Baldwin and the multitudes of loose thinkers who have echoed his words, are not an act of war; as a conscientious effort to avoid furthering wrong-doing they are an act of justice. They may, indeed, be made the pretext of war by the unscrupulous, but so may a multitude of other righteous actions, and, even apart from any pledge, every nation is within its rights in withholding from another the means of doing wrong. Those who held that sanctions should never have been applied, either thought that the League was wrong in deciding that Italy had broken her pledges, or that, in those circumstances, the application or not of sanctions was a matter of expediency, not of principle.

The Problem before Europe

THE League Council, confronted on May 11th with the failure of its efforts to save one of its members from aggression and conquest, promptly adjourned discussion of the Italo-Abyssinian problem till its next meeting on June 15th, and considered "that in the meantime there is no cause for modifying the measures previously adopted in collaboration by the members of the League." Thus Abyssinian sovereignty is still recognized, although where it resides is unknown, and sanctions, such as they are, remain in force. For those who believe that in collective organization for peace lies the only security against another and more devastating war in this generation, the task of preserving the League ideal in being, without weakly condoning this latest act of rebellion against it, is one of extreme difficulty. It is absurd to think that the feeble measures which failed to check Italy when the issue was still uncertain will succeed in freeing Abyssinia from her victorious grasp, yet to call off sanctions would be an implicit acknowledgment that the League system as at present worked is unable to protect a weak State against a stronger, and so force the smaller nations to look around for some other security. How blind a considerable section of our politicians are to realities and possibilities, appears in the recent declaration of the National Council of Labour, part of which runs: "Italy must be prevented from reaping the fruits of a lawless, cowardly and brutal act of violence." This is a

good specimen of the inability to understand an opponent's mind, and also of that bland assumption of superior rectitude which characterize the short-sighted and irresponsible politician, and which give colour to the common charge of hypocrisy against this country. The National Council should know that, broadly speaking, the Italians look on their invasion and conquest of Abyssinia in the light of a crusade—a much more creditable achievement, for example, than Japan's absorption of Manchuria—and that nothing short of a successful war can now dislodge them. We in this country hold that, on the evidence before us, their enterprise was not justified and therefore criminal, but we should be ready to own that, on the evidence as they read it, they are in complete good faith. No good, certainly no ultimate agreement, can come from ignoring convictions held honestly and strongly, even though mistaken. And a lively sense of past national shortcomings should temper our condemnation of other nations.

The Mote and the Beam

NOR should the opprobrious terms "cowardly and brutal" or the even stronger language used by certain Anglican prelates, be applied to Italian war-methods, unless those who use them first free themselves from complicity in similar methods of fighting, whether employed in the past, or being prepared for the future by their own Governments. The British authorities have had no scruple in bombing the villages of recalcitrant frontier-tribes, destroying their water-tanks and other means of subsistence; moreover, it is notorious that they, like all the other chief Powers, are getting ready to use poison gas in "the next war," just because it is universally acknowledged that, in the practice of belligerent inhumanity, we shall all on that dire occasion begin where we left off in 1918. A British aviation journal, quoted by Dr. Sutherland (see *Catholic Herald*, April 10th), has justified bombing the Red Cross because the general effect of that institution is to restore the enemy's man-power! The Italian procedure seems to have aroused in some minds a tardy recognition of the fact that all conventions tending to restrain atrocity in warfare were in process of disappearance in the last war and will disappear altogether in the next, but to students of post-War international politics the fact has been long apparent. Just as no weapon will henceforth be dis-

carded which can serve any military purpose, so there is no longer any distinction admitted between combatant and non-combatant, since every inhabitant, except the very aged and decrepit, adds actually or potentially to the country's strength. Only ignorance of modern military preparations and of the absolute and general disbelief in the permanence of purely human agreements can excuse those who cavil at Italian methods of barbarism: on the other hand, it argues a certain obliquity of moral vision for those who use poison gas to complain of their enemy's use of dum-dum bullets. The only conclusion is that warfare as waged by the modern de-Christianized State is *de facto* so radically inhuman that, if not wholly abolished, it will destroy civilization.

The Collective System Indispensable

ACCORDINGLY, so far from abandoning in a spirit of defeat the collective system which embodies the Christian ideal of human brotherhood and is the only bulwark left against the forces of destruction, let us try to free the League from its defects, and make it a more effective instrument of justice. Its connexion with the Peace Treaties is not essential: *de facto*, it was born of the War, but in itself it is a rational effort to secure the common good of justice, peace and security by the restraint of national egotism. Failing the recognition of a fixed and universal moral standard, it must make its way by demonstrating its utility, its reasonableness and its impartiality. After all, there is a measure of sanity left in the world, and all reasonable people regard aggressive war as an unmitigated evil and defensive war as a deplorable necessity and the occurrence of war itself a relic of barbarism. Are we never to learn by experience? We are handicapped by the existence of many who find their individual profit in war and of many who affront reason by professing extreme pacifism, but the numbers of those to whom war means nothing but disaster and loss must predominate in every country. Let the League be reconstructed on the lines of justice and charity: its present defects are both manifest and remediable. It has hitherto been worked to further national policies without regard to the good of the whole and therefore been shipwrecked on the rock of national selfishness. It has been employed as an instrument to impede the removal of the unjust discriminations which marred the various Peace Treaties and which carried on the enmities of the War. It must beget a new spirit of good will.

Peace Demands National Sacrifice

INJUSTICE to Germany, a conquered foe, produced the portent of Hitlerism; injustice to Italy, a fellow-combatant, sowed the seed of Italian Fascism. The Allies, secure as they thought in the legalisms of the League, showed no sense of the needs of the "unsatisfied" countries, and put off interminably that reform of the Peace Treaties which justice demanded. Their present hostility to any revision of the Mandate System, in the direction of that Collective Trusteeship which Archbishop Hinsley so eloquently advocated in these pages last October, shows that even yet they have not learnt the very elements of a just peace. The reformed League must be made an instrument of justice, not a means of withholding it. We are told that it is dominated by secret societies, and that its attitude towards Italy is in reality an expression of anti-clericalism, but a comprehensive view of the facts disproves such an easy generalization. There are many good Catholic representatives in its inner counsels who would readily detect and denounce such perversion of its aims. On the other hand, it is clear that the present ascendancy of Soviet Russia at Geneva has done much to discredit the League amongst Christians, and will do more, unless Christians on their part do what they can to christianize it. We are afraid that, long before it admitted Russia to its bosom, the purely secularist principles on which it worked and the narrow selfishness of its chief members deprived it of much of the moral force embodied in its ideal. It has never effectively practised the higher patriotism it professes, because its members consult only their individual interests.

The Nickname, "Clerical"

IT is customary in the secular Press to excite prejudice against any practical Catholic prominent in political life by styling him a Clerical, and if any political party professes to be guided by Christian principles, to that too is attached the same tendentious epithet with its modern connotation of underhand, anti-civic and despotic intrigue. Thus the Spanish Catholic leaders, contending for basic human rights against an atheistic Communism, the fruits of which the police in England would speedily suppress, are as "Clericals" made the target of all sorts of abuse and misrepresentation, and the

whole Austrian regime, which is an endeavour to construct a sound social order on the lines marked out by the famous Papal Encyclicals—"Rerum Novarum" and "Quadragesimo Anno"—and which avoids both Fascism and party-government, is stigmatized in the same way. The spontaneous hostility thus evoked by any endeavour to christianize politics and make the conduct of human affairs amenable to God's law, has its roots in that false conception of liberty to which the Church, representing in faith and morals the divine authority, is radically opposed; after all, it must be expected in a world which is trying with such little success to get on without God, and it should only stimulate us to increased efforts to restore the Kingdom of Christ. But Catholic publicists should avoid imitating the secularists by using a term which expresses only the hatred of the latter for the Church.

Miss Pankhurst's Mare's Nest

IN the course of an article in the January *Hibbert* Miss Sylvia Pankhurst made a serious and wholly unfounded charge against the moral integrity of His Holiness the Pope, a charge which, although she has been assured that she is mistaken, she reiterates in the April issue, attempting to substantiate it by quoting Italian legal authorities. In the same issue the Editor of the *Hibbert* states that an article claiming to refute Miss Pankhurst but sent too late for inclusion, will appear in the July number. The matter was also dealt with quite adequately in our popular contemporary the *Universe* on February 21st and March 20th. Accordingly, we need only point out here very briefly that the grounds on which the Pope, in the lady's reading of the Lateran treaty, is accused of "lending the odour of sanctity to concubinage" and otherwise tampering with the integrity of marriage, are themselves based on ignorance of the Church's law prescribing certain well-known conditions for the validity of marriage. In all the cases cited the civil "marriage" is considered null, whilst a religious marriage without civil effects is, nevertheless, a real one. What we would call particular attention to is the colossal prejudice against Catholicism which procures that place should be given in a learned quarterly to an odious charge against the chief upholder of the moral law in Christendom, when inquiry at the nearest presbytery would have shown its baselessness. Miss Pankhurst found presumably

what she was prepared to find—that the Papacy is capable of any enormity to secure its ends, but we can less easily excuse her editor, who in the fullest sense of the term ought to have known better. The Lateran Treaty has now been before the world since February, 1929, exposed for all these years to the severest and most hostile scrutiny by the Papacy's many enemies in Italy and elsewhere, as well as by canon lawyers all over the world, and by moralists intent on bringing their treatises up to date. Did it not strike Miss Pankhurst as strange that she should have been the first to discover such a gross offence against the moral law, openly inserted in a public document under the signature of the Pope, or that the venerable Head of the Catholic Church, if he wanted for his own ends to subvert God's law, would not have been more careful to conceal his iniquity? But no. Her victim must have both barrels and be shown to be fool as well as knave. We might forgive the initial offence as merely the utterance of a mind blinded by traditional bigotry, but that Miss Pankhurst should, despite the disclaimers of her Catholic friends, try to brazen it out by quoting the documents which she has misunderstood puts her somewhat beyond the pale of sympathy.

"Orthodox" unorthodoxy

A PROPOS of "Orthodoxy," a recent note in *The Tablet* (May 9th) contains a useful warning concerning a certain Russian philosopher N. Berdyaev, some of whose works have had, in translations, some little vogue amongst Catholics. In them he shows at times an anti-Catholic bias which may be discounted because of his religious allegiance, but the reference in *The Tablet* indicates more serious grounds for mistrust. Speaking of his "Destin de l'Homme," the writer says: "Berdyaev's essay is a gnostic interpretation of the world which betrays the influence of Spengler and Bergson . . . his Christianity remains in many ways 'subjective,' when, for instance, he seems to deny historicity to Christ's passion and conceives the dogmas [? of faith] more as mere 'symbolism' than objective truths." Obviously this philosopher, who has written usefully of the Bolshevik mentality, is no safe guide in matters beyond his province, the interpretation of Christian revelation.

“LIBERALISM” AND THE CHURCH

THE “SYLLABUS ERRORUM” JUSTIFIED

THE Editor of *THE MONTH* lately animadverted on that unlovely phenomenon of our time amongst English-speaking folk, viz., the alliance of what was once a noble aspiration of the human mind towards freedom, called generically “liberalism,” with the revolt of the human will against God’s authority in religion, which, as anti-clericalism, has long been conspicuous on the Continent of Europe. The Editor was scoring the godless British “liberalism” that approves or condones the anti-religious outbreaks in Spain, but, more recently *The Tablet* (May 2nd) notes that prominent upholders of the “liberal” tradition in England like the *News Chronicle* and the *Star* actually deplore the recent relapse of the Soviets into a more or less decent attitude regarding marriage and individual rights.

However, this pseudo-liberalism is an old enemy of the Church and it may be useful to recall some former instances of its age-long hostility against her, if only to show that its impotence is no less peculiar to it than its malice. The sixteenth-century “Reformation,” viewed in itself and in its effects, still stands out as the maximum effort put forth by the world to deliver its system from the germ of other-worldliness introduced by Christianity, but the attempt never ceases and always fails. The fallen world cannot escape from the fact that it has been redeemed: it cannot, do what it will, relapse into its old comfortable paganism, with gods of its own fashioning and a moral law adapted to its lusts. The Church, the instrument of redemption, will not let it rest, and is constantly holding up before it “the perfect law of liberty,” as a sort of mirror wherein to recognize the dirt on its own countenance and be moved to get rid of it. Thus “the mind of the Church” is always in active opposition to the “mind of the world”; their respective ideals must necessarily clash. The Spirit of Wisdom dwells in the Church and thus she has an unerring instinct for discerning the very beginnings of disorder either in the thought or conduct of man. As it is characteristic of error to oscillate from one extreme to the other, whereas truth does not change, the Church has constantly

found herself, at one time sharply curbing the abuse of some faculty—reason, for example—and later defending that faculty against a denial of its lawful scope.

The Church met the Great Revolt by the far-reaching dogmatism of the Council of Trent and, had the Council of the Vatican run its full course, we should have had an equally elaborate and sturdy bulwark against subsequent errors. But shortly before the opening of that Council, at a time still within living memory, its work was adumbrated in a notable Encyclical of Pius IX, to which was added a sort of synopsis of the wanderings of the unguided human intellect and the perversions of the unchecked human will, which admirably illustrates how untiringly the Church exercises her function as Light of the World. On December 8, 1864, Pius IX issued the famous Encyclical "Quanta Cura" to commend to the faithful throughout the world the study and formal reprobation of the chief errors of the day. These were summarized in a lengthy document consisting of eighty propositions ranged under ten categories and called "A Syllabus of the Principal Errors of Our Time." Most of these had been already indicated and denounced by the Pope in various official pronouncements during his long reign, but the cumulative effect of their inclusion in one document was something extraordinary. A word about its genesis. The idea of the Syllabus, we are told, came from a Cardinal—said to have been the Cardinal Pecci that twenty-five years later became Leo XIII—who thought that the Papal teaching scattered amongst so many different sorts of utterances had not penetrated far or deep enough. Preliminary studies began as early as 1852 and the Commission which had prepared the Bull for the definition of the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady (1854) undertook the spade work. Some years later, another Commission under Cardinal Caterini took over the task. In 1862, this Commission had drawn up a list of sixty-one errors, but a premature "leakage" of these in an Italian newspaper caused such a storm of resentment that official publication was deferred, and a third Commission under Cardinal Bilio was appointed. Finally, on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1864, the Syllabus as we now have it was formally promulgated to the Universal Church.

Let me take 1860 as the date when the content of the Church's mind on the matters treated had been fully explored and crystallized, for so I can borrow from a ten-year-

old speech of my own, sketching the character of the world which reacted so violently to the Pope's unsparing analysis of its shortcomings.

A man born in 1860 may be thought to be just reaching old age. Yet when that man was born Lincoln had not yet become President, America had not yet been welded by blood into an indivisible Union and the Indian still roved the Great American Desert. England was just entering on the noontime of the Victorian age. A third Napoleon was Emperor of the French. Young Francis Joseph on the Austrian imperial throne still headed the Germanic Confederation, for Bismarck had hardly begun his struggle with the Prussian Parliament that was to make his master German Emperor. Italy as yet was not; Pius IX ruled the Papal States—but Garibaldi and his men had gathered at Genoa. Africa was a dark continent and the ashes of the Indian Mutiny were still smoking. Legitimacy—the magic formula with which Metternich had won at Vienna in 1815—still ruled the Old World. Democracy, as we know and call it, was fighting in caves and cellars for its life, and nationalism was still struggling with its swaddling clothes. The fires of '48 had—seemingly—been quenched.

There were railroads and steamboats—of a sort. The telegraph was an interesting novelty. The age of steel had not yet begun. Chemistry was thought to be a completed science, with physics as its humble handmaid. Electricity was the subject of academic pursuit. Darwin's "Origin of Species" had just appeared and the word "evolution" had hardly been heard. Herbert Spencer had just issued his prospectus on "Synthetic Philosophy." The Higher Criticism was in its infancy. Huxley and Tyndall had not yet brought science to handgrips with Christianity, and men still employed Scripture texts in controversy. Newman's "Apologia" was yet to come; so was Carlyle's "Frederick the Great"; Thackeray was starting the *Cornhill Magazine*; Dickens was starting the *Daily News*; Swinburne was just leaving Oxford. Disraeli had not become Prime Minister and Gladstone was a recent recruit to the Liberal party.

Serfdom still existed in Russia; Marxian socialism was yet unborn; labour unionism had yet hardly more than conquered its right to life; there was no voting by ballot

in England; Fenianism had not yet blazed up in Ireland; divorce was unknown in a large part of Europe, including France, and was rare everywhere. The minuet and the gavotte were gone, but the polka and the waltz were accounted rather daring, and Richard Wagner had not yet shaken the pillars of the musical temple.

It was to that world of 1860 that Pius IX delivered judgment on its thinking. Interesting indeed should it be to our younger men to realize that most of the things that differentiate our world from that of George Washington were still unknown to the men of 1860, and that they have lived to see "modern civilization" come into being, and now live to see it trembling for its very existence. The most interesting thing is to note that, at its birth, the Church had seen in the system of the new-born infant the diseases that have brought it to its sick-bed, from which its own doctors fear that it may never arise. Time has proved the correctness of her prognosis.

Now for a brief account of the contents of the "Syllabus" of the errors that were prevalent in the mid-nineteenth century.

It is, as we have stated, a catalogue of eighty erroneous propositions, classified under ten main classes of subjects, wherein the Pope summarizes his previous anathemas. These subjects are in their several orders: (1) Pantheism, Naturalism and Absolute Rationalism; (2) Moderate Rationalism; (3) Indifferentism, Latitudinarianism; (4) Socialism, Communism, Secret Societies, Bible Societies, Clerico-Liberal Societies; (5) The Church and her Rights; (6) Civil Society; (7) Natural and Christian Ethics; (8) Christian Matrimony; (9) Civil Principality of the Roman Pontiff; and—last but by no means least—(10) Modern Liberalism.

It is important to note the form of the Syllabus. Each erroneous proposition is condemned in the form in which it is stated in the relative document which contained it originally. Attached to each proposition was a reference to some Papal allocution, encyclical, letter apostolic or other formal utterance by the Holy Father. Without these sources the nature and extent of the condemnation cannot readily be understood and so, in 1865, a volume was published in Rome containing not only the text of the Syllabus itself, but the full context of all the supporting documents to which references were given. A prefatory note to this volume warned the reader that it was necessary to consult these documents if he wished

to understand the precise sense in which the respective errors were condemned by the Church. The Syllabus was, therefore, highly technical in form, so that, in reading it, one must remember that to say that a certain proposition is "erroneous as stated" is itself a strictly qualified expression. It was addressed to the hierarchy and clergy and persons with theological knowledge, whose task it was to interpret it and apply it in the concrete to the needs of the ailing world. However, the ailing world proceeded to interpret it in its own fashion and generally read the prescriptions amiss. Its summary style exposed it to this abuse.

Few, indeed, can now be familiar with the contents of the 32 Papal utterances, occupying 254 pages octavo in the official volume. Nor has it been necessary for the limited purpose of this paper to acquire an exhaustive knowledge of the whole, since my object is to concentrate on a few of the condemned propositions which most clearly indicate the foresight of the Church and which excited the most vigorous reactions among non-Catholics.

Some years ago I was asked by a non-Catholic student of the matter :

May a member of the laity defend and maintain the proposition : "Every man is free to embrace and profess the religion he shall believe true, guided by the use of reason"? (Proposition 15 in the Syllabus.)

Now it happens that this particular proposition illustrates clearly the need both for extreme care in interpreting the actual words in which it is stated and for consulting the supporting document. Some time ago an eminent New York Jesuit said in the pulpit that, if he had to give up the Church or give up his reason, he would have to give up the Church, for no sane man could give up his reason. How does such an utterance escape the condemnation of proposition 15? Let us turn to the references given—the Apostolic Letter, "Multiplices inter" (1851) and the Allocution, "Maxima quidem" (1862). I take from the latter the following passage :

Besides, with extreme impudence, they [the rationalists] do not hesitate to assert that divine revelation is not only worthless in itself but is, in fact, hurtful to human perfection, and that that very divine revelation is imperfect and therefore is subject to continuous and indefinite growth in accordance with the progress of human reason.

And further :

But inasmuch as they perversely dare to assert that all truths of religion derive from the natural powers of human reason, they clothe every man with something like a fundamental right to think and speak of religion as he pleases, and to give to God whatever honour and worship as he may please to think best.

Thus it is plain that the "use of reason" condemned is not that which leads us to recognize the claims of God's Church and to understand what she teaches, but that which makes reason the sole and final arbiter of truth and falsehood, of right and wrong. The presence on earth of a teaching authority, sent and guaranteed by God Himself, invalidates the rationalist's claim to complete self-guidance.

So much for the general form and character of the Syllabus : the Pope affirms some particular point of faith and morals, whereas the Syllabus condemns its contradictory, the universal negative. Let us now note more definitely the remarkable "rightness" of the mind of the Church as disclosed by this exposition of it and by the situation of the world to-day, seventy years and more later. I venture to believe that it affords one of the most outstanding instances of the divine guidance in the Church's history.

This for two reasons. In the first place, some at least of the errors therein anathematized, were rather in bud than in full bloom and so not fully recognized by the many. Secondly, others were even then so widespread as to be accepted by the outside world as axiomatic truths, making their condemnation by the Church seem to be an obviously foolish and retrograde step on her part. Accordingly, it was received in 1864 with something like howls of derision from the non-Catholic world. Here are two typical comments from sources presumably the most likely to be intelligent, seeing that both the writers quoted ranked high among the scholars of the day. Dr. Philip Schaff, a very well known and highly regarded professor of the Union Theological Seminary in New York, had this to say of the Syllabus :

This extraordinary document presents a strange mixture of truth and error. It is a protest against atheism, materialism and other forms of infidelity which every Christian must abhor; but it is also a declaration of war against modern civilization and the course of history for

the last three hundred years. Pius IX looks upon the State with the same proud contempt as Gregory VII. "Persecution of the Church," he said after the recent expulsion of the Jesuits (1872), "is folly; a little stone (Dan. ii, 45) will break the Colossus [of the new German Empire] to pieces." But Bismarck, who is made of sterner stuff than Henry IV, protests, "We shall not go to Canossa."

American Romanists must be disloyal either to the fundamental institutions of their country or to those parts of the Syllabus which condemn those institutions.

We may here note with a smile that Bismarck *did* go to Canossa—and that Herr Hitler, or his successor, will have to take the same journey if he insists on repeating Bismarck's blunder.

Gregorovius, the German Protestant historian of the earlier Papacy, expressed himself thus on the Syllabus:

On December 8th the Pope published an Encyclical and a Syllabus, in which he collects and condemns all the political and philosophical heresies of the time. . . . In this manifesto the clericals see an act of world-wide importance; all reasonable people, however, only a declaration of the incapacity of the Papacy to develop with the time, and its letter of farewell to humane culture. The assumption in the year 1864 that it—the Papacy—is the only source of all power and all law, yes, of civilization itself, the antiquated language of Innocent III and Boniface VIII, in the mouth of a feeble visionary, is utterly ludicrous. The codified imbecility merely shows the childish decrepitude of the institution.

Naturally enough, the judgments of scholars such as these were echoed all down the intellectual scale and have been echoing ever since. As I have suggested, the style of the document makes it a sort of booby-trap for the sciolist, and multitudes of that genus have been made ridiculous by their adventures with it. And, of course, the great unthinking Protestant world has never got over the shock it caused. It is not too much to say that the Syllabus now occupies a fixed and prominent place in the popular museum of Romish superstition as perfectly reflecting the obscurantist attitude of the Church.

But it was not only in non-Catholic circles that its publica-

tion came as a shock. There were many Catholics whose nerves were temporarily set on edge by the bluntness and comprehensiveness of the condemnations, especially in the case of some of those dealing with the position of the Church in the State and with "Liberalism," still held as a respectable creed amongst English-speaking peoples. The hostile outcries outside the Church were not without influence in fomenting this emotion. It must be remembered, too, that several Governments—among them France, Russia and Victor Emmanuel's Italy— forbade publication of the *Syllabus* in their respective countries, whilst Bismarck in Germany let it be known that it met his entire disapproval.

The very violence of the reaction was itself a proof of how far the world had drifted from God, and how far Catholics living in the world had become infected with its atmosphere. Even the non-Catholic reading the *Syllabus* to-day will recognize that, granting the Catholic standpoint, the Pope was reiterating not only his own previous teaching, but also the age-long tradition of the Church. The briefest glance will make this clear. The first division contains seven condemned propositions. The first is a flat, comprehensive denial of the existence of God. The second denies all action by God on man, and the world. The third asserts the sole competence of reason to secure the good of mankind without any reference to God. The fourth asserts the origin of all truths of religion in reason, which is, therefore, the sole norm of human knowledge concerning their scope and meaning. The fifth asserts that divine revelation is imperfect and subject to continuous and indefinite progress corresponding to progress in human reason. The sixth asserts that faith in the Incarnation of God is contrary to reason and that divine revelation is not helpful but rather hurtful to human perfection. The seventh asserts that scriptural prophecies and miracles are poetic fictions and that Jesus Christ is Himself a myth.

These untruths are perhaps more widely held to-day than in 1864, for the revolt of the sixteenth century—the so-called "emancipation of reason"—is steadily producing its logical fruit, and most of them form part of the creed of Modernism, but what genuine Christian would now find fault with the Church for condemning them as manifest falsehoods?

The second division also contains seven propositions which misrepresent the functions of reason in regard to the knowledge of God, to Church authority, to philosophy and to the

exact sciences. We need not delay over them except to point out that in this our day the Church is the stoutest—indeed, about the only really stout—defender of the rights of human reason, and that the neo-scholastic revival is the most outstanding phenomenon in the domain of philosophic thought!

The third division deals, in four propositions, with the real meaning of that often misunderstood phrase—*Extra Ecclesiam nulla salus*, and reprobates all attempts to deny the uniqueness and unicity of God's Church: again the simple defence of an essential Catholic doctrine.

Passing over the fourth division, which consists in a general reference to various documents condemning Socialism, Communism, etc., social theories which are still repudiated by innumerable non-Catholics, we come in the fifth division to nineteen propositions denying the fundamental rights of the Church. I shall not discuss them *seriatim*, but merely refer to Soviet Russia as exemplifying in every detail the result on society of such denial, and to the Totalitarian States generally which cannot effectively enslave their subjects until they have suppressed or enslaved the Church.

State Absolutism is starkly asserted in the opening proposition of the sixth division—"The commonwealth is the origin and source of all rights, and possesses rights which are not circumscribed by any limits," and the general tenor of the succeeding sixteen propositions is an assertion of the complete power of the civil authority over all matters of religion and the Church's discipline. The only hope of the survival of free, democratic institutions, in the New World as well as in the Old, is stern resistance to this unChristian totalitarianism. Once deny the existence in the world of the rights of the individual conscience, upheld and safeguarded by the independent Church, and the disappearance of human liberty, the relapse into pre-Christian paganism, is merely a matter of time.

Godless materialism—the Soviet ideal—is anathematized in the nine propositions composing the seventh division. They illustrate the Church's contention that morality cannot long survive the decay of faith. The third is particularly interesting in view of the present attitude of science. It reads: "No other forces are to be recognized than those which reside in matter; and all moral teaching and moral excellence ought to be made to consist in the accumulation and increase of riches by every possible means, and in the enjoyment of

pleasure.'" The fourth and fifth assert absolute materialism as a source of justice, and numerical superiority and material force as a source of authority. The sixth practically asserts that success justifies injustice. The seventh asserts an absolute principle of non-intervention. The eighth justifies rebellion against legitimate authority. The ninth deserves quotation : "The violation of a solemn oath, even every wicked and flagitious action repugnant to the eternal law, is not only not blameable when done for love of country, but quite lawful and worthy of the highest praise."

An interesting lot of ideas to contemplate in these days when taken together with what has happened since the War to the materialistic *weltanschauung*, the modern passion for social justice, the modern reprobation of *laisser-faire*, and the universal lip-condemnation of the so-called jesuitical doctrine regarding the end and the means, and the cynical return on the part of several great Powers to the evil philosophy of "Prussianism" to destroy which the Great War was fought !

I pass over the eighth division which contains ten propositions on Christian Matrimony, and the ninth with two propositions concerning the "temporal power" of the Pope. The former division speaks for itself, and Vatican City speaks for the latter. In the tenth and last division we come to the Church's attitude towards her secular foe, pseudo-liberalism. It includes four propositions, dealing with the claim of the Catholic Church to be alone instituted by God and alone commissioned to speak in His Name, and with the consequent unlawfulness in the abstract of encouraging opposed religions and thus conducting to religious indifference and moral corruption. The bona-fide non-believer in Catholicity is bound to reject these claims ; the Church recognizes, on her part, that in modern times she cannot be accorded an absolutely exclusive status even in a Catholic country. But the claim is of her essence, and she must maintain it, or be false to her trust, as also the other rights which it involves—the right to object in theory to the propagation of false religions and to protest against the laxity of morals which follows from false principles. The Church is a Witness as well as a Teacher, and cannot but confess before men the Master whom she represents. Her view is pragmatically justified in the disorder which *de facto* follows complete licence of moral thinking and practice and all decent folk must regard her condemnation of such licence as something entirely right and reasonable.

The final proposition of the whole document is assuredly

the gem of the collection. It reads: "The Roman Pontiff can and ought to reconcile himself to and agree with modern progress, liberalism and civilization."

Of all the eighty propositions, this one is, perhaps, most widely known, and it has attracted more vilification than any other, particularly on the part of the unintelligent. Look at it in the light of the world's state to-day! What has become of the "progress" which in the middle of the last century was proudly called "modern," and was thought to lead direct to the millennium—the triumph of Science over Superstition? Where is the "liberalism" of the Victorian Age to-day, when even the political party which professed it has degenerated into a mere fragment? And "civilization"—look at it, if you can find it! A score of millions of workers idle in the "civilized" world, every nation feverishly arming itself against every other, dictatorships rising on the ruin of "democracies," and revolution brewing everywhere. And it was to the movements that have resulted in this state of affairs that the Pope ought to have "reconciled himself" seventy years ago! What an ironic vindication of the sanity of the Church's mind, and that in a single lifetime. It is surely its own best comment—no further words could better it!

Furthermore, the one clear voice on earth to-day pointing the way to social order and international peace is that of the Pope of Rome, and to-day, under the lash of misery, the world is beginning to listen with a new respect and interest to the voice which it scorned and thought to have silenced only a little while ago. Yet, it is saying nothing new, nothing that it has not always said.

Am I wrong, then, in saying that in the history of the "Syllabus Errorum" we have one of the most striking episodes in the conflict of the Church and the world, striking in the scope and sharpness of the conflict, and the amazing swiftness with which decision was reached? Even the sceptic if he can read history aright will own that the Pope's prognosis was accurate—the dethronement of God means the enslavement of man. Liberalism, having ignored the Truth that makes men free, has come round, by a truly vicious circle, to approving the Soviet revolt, which subordinates man body and soul to a godless State. In losing faith in religion it has lost the one element that can elevate society above the material and the animal. It has echoed the Jew in declaring "We have no King but Cæsar," and Cæsar has taken its dupes at their word.

T. F. WOODLOCK.

A RETURN TO GOD

THE CASE OF MR. BEVERLEY NICHOLS

IN the last number of *THE MONTH* I attempted an interpretation of the rhythm of modern life, suggested to me by a stimulating and vivid study of a Swiss author.¹ Its restless eddying, its very disintegration were seen to be not the uncontrolled motion it might well appear, but a new manner of existence, deliberately sought that man might avoid further questioning and fly more securely before the face of God. The objective world of faith has been shattered and he finds himself carried along in this process of escape and flight from his Maker. Familiar footholds exist no longer; the very steps on which he might have paused to rest and understand, are caught up with him, their contours blurred, their nature vanishing. Man is de-personalized, lost to himself, adrift in the current of other things. He would escape from God; all he has done is to lose himself. The shadow of God's out-stretched hand chills and frightens him; he would fly out of its range; but he must shut his eyes and cover up his head in the hurry of flight not to notice that the Shadow still encompasses him with its grey intensity. His only hope is to fling himself with an effort out of the process and find himself once again for what he is, a creature in a world of faith.

It is for this reason that the latest book of Mr. Beverley Nichols is so refreshing. Its title is a scriptural one "The Fool hath Said,"² and there should be little need to add the reminder that what the fool did say and say with all his heart is that there is no God. In this case it was Shelley who echoed the scriptural utterance of the fool and asserted in his "Notes to Queen Mab" that the immensity of the universe made it impossible to believe in "that miserable tale of the Devil, and Eve, and an Intercessor, with the childish mummeries of the God of the Jews" (p. 24). The poet who had charmed the author's youth with his gay singing now burst of a sudden "into an obscene cackle of laughter" and "destroyed with a clap of his hands" the world of beauty he had fashioned. The book is compelling, composed in a mood of intense sincerity which cannot be denied; it merits reading and will be widely

¹ Max Picard, "Die Flucht vor Gott." Eugen Rentsch Verlag, Erlenbach.

² Beverley Nichols, "The Fool hath Said." London: Jonathan Cape. 1936.

read. It is lit with a glow of enthusiasm which lends it life and power. Not, of course, that it is beyond reproach. Far from it. Some of its thinking is hasty and shallow. And I cannot believe that our mutual enemy, the rationalist, and the professing Christian who is not so convinced a pacifist as Mr. Nichols, will be quite as readily brought to silence and petrified by the author's personality and vigour as they appear to be in the scraps of imaginary conversation in the book. A plentiful debris of cocktail glasses and cigarette ash is strewn throughout the early pages—though doubtless many could do with the reminder that "if Saint John means less to you in a cocktail bar than in Westminster Abbey, then there is something wrong" (p. 94), and it may do the young modern good to learn that the only book which seemed in place on a chromium-plated table in a Riviera hotel was a square and black and shiny Bible. There is an occasional gurgle of revivalism associated with the Group movement, or even an underground stream of it, whose trickling and murmuring is continually to be heard.

The style is Mr. Nichols's—vivid, yet sometimes facile, a trifle hurried and still perfectly clear; vigorous always, even to the point of seeming angry. You might feel at times that you are being shaken by the shoulders and then put on one side. He writes with the enthusiasm of discovery, but is not yet aware that all that he has found and a good deal more is the heritage of the Catholic Church, in constant need, it is true, of individual re-discovery.¹ He compares the empty London pews on Sunday mornings with a crowded cinema in Oxford where ardent members of the Groups have met for their service. He might have spared himself the railway journey and compared them with the tens and hundreds of London Catholic churches, small and large, filled often for three and four and five Masses on any and every Sunday morning.

¹ An interesting reference might be made here to the experience of Mr. Chesterton, delightfully recorded in the opening chapter of "Orthodoxy" (pp. 16–17, 1909). "I tried to be some ten minutes in advance of the truth. And I found that I was eighteen hundred years behind it. . . . When I fancied that I stood alone, I was really in the ridiculous position of being backed up by all Christendom. It may be, Heaven forgive me, that I did try to be original; but I only succeeded in inventing all by myself an inferior copy of the existing traditions of civilized religion. . . . I did try to found a heresy of my own; and when I had put the last touches to it, I discovered that it was orthodox." The comparison is perhaps not wholly apt. But many of the features which Mr. Nichols admires in the Groups—consciousness and confession of sin, the notion of guidance by the grace of God, and "the quiet time"—are to be discovered in a more profound and stable form in the tradition and ascetic theology of the Church.

There is an occasional description which, for all its lilt and colour, is not helpful and one in particular that is quite out of place. Christ is declared to be "the lily in the field and the wind in the branches and the song of the thrush in summer"; "He was the moonlight, and He was the lover on whose limbs the moonlight fell" (p. 229). Unless this be the mild pantheism of poetic licence, I am puzzled. Indeed, the whole section entitled "Christ and Sex," apart from its concluding pages, is the least satisfactory portion of the book in its treatment of Christ, and is in some points definitely offensive to the traditional Christian mind. I fail to understand how a distinguished reviewer in a Sunday paper could single it out as the best and most important. To write that "it is a monstrous emasculation of the Son of Man to suggest that Christ did not know and suffer the temptations of sex" (p. 212) and that "desire must have entered into Him, desire, which, with a golden gesture, He transformed" (p. 211) is not only to propose an unwarrantably subjective and offensive view of Christ, but to show a complete lack of understanding of the Incarnation. The author does state that Christ was God in man incarnate and that He was man, whole and complete. "He was not a god walking about in a framework of bones and flesh" (a mild Nestorianism) "He was man—the perfect fusion of God and man" (p. 212) (an expression that might be construed as Monophysite). It would be unfair to play the heresy-hunter, but it is absolutely necessary to insist that he has not yet seen the consequences of the Hypostatic Union and the utter incompatibility of Christ's divinity with sin and concupiscence and desire. Indeed, without deep study and humble acceptance of those consequences, a true approach to Christ and an interpretation of His teaching is an impossibility.

The first part of the book is, we are told, a treasure hunt. The treasure sought is Faith. We are to have "no use for a Faith that is not based on Fact" (p. 14). Splendid. We must not invoke any inner religious sense, but look for a rational approach to God. There is a hurdle to be climbed. On its first rung we realize that this apparently insignificant earth is unique in the vast universe; on the second that there is nothing to stop us believing that it is "the only fertile member of the immense galaxy of stars" (p. 33). On the third we are already asking ourselves whether the guiding spirit of the universe is beneficent, or more simply whether God is good.

The materialist might well object that this is no simple spring from one rung to the next, and that an "ex machina" deity has been suddenly produced. The normal philosophical arguments for God's existence are not referred to. The sole proof offered is that from conscience, from the moral sense that man has of right and wrong; a worthy argument indeed, but weightier still if it follows on the consideration of a First and Necessary and Intelligent Cause, shown to be demanded by this contingent and dependent world. The fourth and last rung is that of evidence for survival after death. The argument from desire is very curtly dismissed. This because he has had no time to elaborate a psychology or to study the nature of "mind" or "soul" or the immaterial principle in man. It would be unfair to demand too much of a short and ultimately a popular book, but it should be stated that the most rational proof of immortality is based upon the very nature of this immaterial soul; precisely because it is spiritual, it is not liable to destruction and must survive. The argument he adduces is simply the need to redress the balance, the meaninglessness of right and wrong in a system of pantheism or "gloomy mergings." For this would be to throw all that is beautiful and all that is base into a common sewer and to put Messallina and Joan of Arc, Jack the Ripper and St. Francis of Assisi in the same pillory. A nasty argument for materialist and pantheist who are forced logically to the position that there is no such thing as good and bad action and for whom freedom and individuality are finally mere illusions.

The introductory apologetic is somewhat scrappy and incomplete, though enough is there to shake the irreligious or a-religious reader. The chapters which follow and deal with the New Testament and the life of Christ are much happier. True they do not profess to contain new arguments. The author appeals to a sixth sense, born of varied journalistic experience, and claims that as "a hard-bitten man of Fleet Street" (p. 85) he can say that the Resurrection stories have an unmistakable ring of truth about them. "I do not believe," he states, "that the greatest imaginative artist of to-day could forge a single story about Christ which would not sound hollow beside the immensity of His words."

Mr. Alfred Noyes, who has told the story of his own return to God in "The Unknown God" (1934), has the same awareness of the other-worldly power and quality of the words

of Christ. They are, he says, "of another order. They are not to be measured by the duration of 'the earth.' They are of the eternal world, and move us with that strangest apprehension of the human spirit, the sense of *Das Heilige*" (p. 354).

The same sixth sense makes Mr. Nichols conscious of the nonsense that is talked in the name of Higher Criticism, and he records with glee that the critics have not infrequently been confounded by the archaeologists. With a few of his statements we would quarrel. St. Mark's is not the first Gospel, but St. Matthew's and, in spite of the "eminent critics," Christian tradition is quite satisfied that St. Matthew wrote his own Gospel and wrote it in Aramaic. And that same tradition is not so certain that the story of the woman taken in adultery is "no real part of the Gospel according to St. John" (p. 60). The early Christians were not anxious to write things down, but this was not because they believed that the end of the world was near, but for the obvious reason that they were themselves part of a living tradition, of a Church. Mr. Nichols's position here is that of a Protestant who wishes to base everything upon written documents instead of allowing that these documents themselves were composed and treasured within a living tradition of teaching, handed down from Christ and invested with His authority. What is valuable in these chapters is the fresh and vivid insight into the Gospel narrative which shows how unreal and how untrue is the dull and dusty murmuring of the rationalist. The Resurrection is a case in point. We are told by the rationalists that the Apostles accepted it, because their minds had been prepared for it. Even a casual reading of the closing Gospel chapters will show what patience and condescension Our Lord had to show in order to convince them that He was in truth their Risen Master. The body was stolen—by the Apostles? Whence, then, their conviction, their intense missionary zeal? And the motive—that they might be—"well, crucified upside down, like St. Peter" (p. 83). Or maybe taken by Jews or Romans? How easy it would have been for them afterwards to produce it and to explode the absurd claims of this new and annoying sect. The divergence in detail between accounts by different evangelists turns the stick which is hurled at them into a boomerang. It is the surest proof that they are genuine accounts and no cunningly concocted forgery. The circumstantial details given could so easily have been shown to be false.

St. John is accepted as an eye-witness of what he describes. "Over and over again there are little details, creeping in, glistening like tiny points of living gold on an ancient manuscript" (p. 115)—the six water-pots of stone, the five porches at the pool, etc., and he points tellingly to the information given in Hastings's Dictionary of the Bible that St. John puts into the mouth of Christ no fewer than 145 words which he never uses in his own person and himself uses freely 500 words which he never once attributes to his Master. I wonder if the author chortled when he saw himself taken to task in the columns of the *Evening Standard*¹ for not having realized that faith has nothing to do with the acceptance of narratives, and that the assertion that the Fourth Gospel was written by an eye-witness would hardly be made by any competent scholar. "I have myself described this Gospel," continues Dean Inge, "as 'the message of the glorified Christ to the third generation of Christians.' Scholars who believe in its inspiration can take no other view of this wonderful treatise" (that is, must agree with the Dean). A pontifical and somewhat pathetic pronouncement! The Dean is right, however, in objecting to the manner in which St. Paul is handled. He is not exactly belittled; it is admitted that he was the chosen instrument of God "through which the message of Christ was to be propagated" (p. 217). But the author is ready to agree with Bernard Shaw that "there has really never been a more monstrous imposition perpetrated than the imposition of the limitations of Paul's soul upon the soul of Jesus" (p. 217), and echoes the Shavian expression that "Paul was no more a Christian than Jesus was a Baptist" (p. 224). He is angry with St. Paul because he considers him to have perverted the teaching of Christ upon sex and holds that the Christian doctrines upon this subject are Pauline and not of Jesus. We are referred to "a whole host of sexual complexes and phobias (as the psycho-analyst might say), which Paul has incorporated in the Christian fabric, in the name of Christ, but against His spirit" (p. 217). When we look surprised and wonder why, we are given the text concerning the covering of a woman's hair and the recommendation to women to adorn themselves in modesty and sobriety. This piece of advice seems harmless enough and it may have been as called for then as it is to-day. And for the text. Well, Mr. Nichols vents his indignation upon the "big hats, little hats, smart hats, shabby hats" which women have been forced to wear

¹ May 6, 1936.

in church till this day. The vision of the real Paul is obscured by a Freudian mist and a feminine hat. It is unworthy and rather offensive.

The last two sections of the book are concerned with the Christian attitude to war and money. The author of "Cry Havoc" returns to his theme, accuses the existing Christian Churches of being little better than "dusty annexes of the recruiting stations" (p. 255) and proclaims his faith in Christ as an uncompromising pacifist. Unless you admit that, fully and without reservations, he will part company with you at once. His conviction, vehemently expressed, that war is brutal, degrading and unChristian, his vivid feeling that the problem of war is an individual one, is shared by many and has raised questions that have troubled grave minds gravely; but they have not been able to jump to the clear-cut and extreme solution, which he maintains to be the only one worthy of the name of Christian.¹ Of the last chapter much is thought-provoking, sound and most welcome. And it ends with a paean of faith, a strong cry that many of man's seemingly darkest problems are "myths, ugly phantoms created by minds that are not washed with the spirit of Christ" (p. 311), and the courageous proclamation that he would give up every material thing rather than lose his new-found faith in Christ.

It may have seemed ungenerous to criticize a book that has been written with genuine sincerity and under the stress of emotion strongly-felt. It is a good book, not merely for its literary qualities and inspiring manner, but because it will shake the apathy and worldliness of many of its readers. But it is unfinished. For there are two questions to which every Christian must give an answer and they are not yet completely answered in this book. One of them indeed is not even touched. The first is asked already in the Gospel, "What think you of Christ?", and is answered fully only in the words of St. Peter: "Thou art Christ, the Son of the Living God." A full and complete faith in the Divinity of Christ, in the full theology of the Incarnation with all that is therein implied, is the one and only Christian answer. The second is raised in the very same passage, when, as a reward for Peter's act of faith, provoked by Him, He declared that upon Peter, as the rock, would His Church be founded, and upon that same rock it would prevail against the assaults of the

¹ I cannot feel that the text-slinging bout in which the author indulges with a typical army chaplain and then with Major Yeats-Brown, author of "The Dogs of War," is very conclusive.

powers of evil and remain, storm-tossed maybe but never submerged, shaken but never shattered, till the end. This notion of the Church is linked first with the idea, familiar enough to His Jewish hearers, of the Kingdom of God, to be realized on earth. This kingdom is of slow growth ; it is to take effect in a small group at first, then to spread from few to many, from Jew to Gentile. Within it is a dynamic force : it is compared to "leaven that a woman took and mixed with three measures of meal till the whole became leavened," to a tiny seed that grows into a great tree to give shelter to the birds of heaven. To this kingdom all are called : but, in keeping with the promises of the Old Testament, the call is made first to the Jews ; afterwards into the places they have not accepted will come the sinners and the Gentiles from the East and from the West. During the course of its long and troubled development upon earth there will be both good and bad ; tares and cockle will spring up amidst the wheat and goats will pasture with the sheep . . . till God's judgment finally divide them. Moreover, within it all are not completely equal ; there will be shepherds as well as sheep, guides and rulers as well as the ruled.

Gradually a corps of Apostles is formed. While He is still with them they are sent out to teach, and something of His authority is given them. "He who receiveth you, receiveth Me" ; later He will add : "He who despiseth you . . .", that is, refuses to accept you, is refusing to accept Me. That mission will be made universal and imparted to them in virtue of His divine power. "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth. . . Go ye, therefore, teach all nations. . ." They are bound to fulfil this mission. But their authority and the sanction annexed—"He who believeth and is baptized, shall be saved ; but he who believeth not, shall be condemned"—shows that to that mission on their part corresponds on the part of their hearers the responsibility of accepting the doctrine they are teaching. And their task is not merely that of instruction ; they have also to organize, to legislate, to rule. It is not only their teaching that is guaranteed in heaven ; their decisions also will be accepted there. "Amen I say to you," the solemn pronouncement begins, "whatsoever you shall bind upon earth, shall be bound also in heaven." The keys of the kingdom of heaven are committed to their charge, and the Church established upon the rock of the chief of the Apostles and his successors.

Such, very briefly, is the doctrine of the Church. And it is only within that Church that the return to Christ can be complete. Has not the message of Christ become ineffective because it has been divorced from the one body that He has made its exponent and mouthpiece? Does not the cleavage between Christian principles and public life date from the individual or national revolt or "protest" against her authority? "The bells are ringing," we read almost on the last page of the book we have considered. "There was a time when people heard them gladly. . . . But to-day, the people find the bells rather a bore. Villagers whose houses lie near the church complain that the noise wakes up their babies, or gives them a headache. And very few people come and pray." The church bells are the bells of the Church. Their ringing would be welcome and understood could those outside of her learn again what has been so largely forgotten, the message and the meaning of the Church of God.

JOHN MURRAY.

The Ladder

NOT even Love can ease the mortal stress
 When I the darkling soul of Truth assay;
 Nor Love's bright cresset throw one glimmering ray
 On the dim cell of outcast loneliness.
 No, with that angel striving, till he bless
 My vigil unrelaxed, I wait the day
 And raise the barren stone, whereon I lay,
 For bitter emblem of my heart's duress.

Soon to that lowly mark will Love repair,
 New joys to find, new trophies to apprise;
 And though the grace with-held, the song unsung
 Orphaned my spirit, in love He left me there
 That I, made whole by mine own agonies,
 Might scale His heavenly ladder, rung by rung.

CHARLES G. MORTIMER.

THE THOUSANDTH CHANCE

ALTHOUGH she had arrived only ten minutes before, the Golden Girl of a million-odd film fans already felt bored with London. Even the sight of her own name in flaming red lights above a cinema failed to thrill her as her car crossed Piccadilly Circus. Even the knowledge that the crowd which met her at Victoria would be equalled by the crowd now awaiting her arrival at the hotel, failed to interest her. That all too familiar mood of unrest and dissatisfaction with life was upon her once more; and this time the greatest neurologist in New York was not at hand to assuage and dispel it. Why was she so disenchanted with fame, so bored with admiration, so oppressed by the hollowness of the world in which her fortune flourished? She scowled unhappily at the back of the chauffeur, glimpsed above an exquisite spray of roses; she thrust aside the glossy fur rug with impatient foot. She wished that she could go straight to bed, but instead she must make an especially careful toilette and dine out with the Duke of Montshire. It was odd how soon one grew used to dining with the most eligible youths in the Peerage!—and how soon the thrill faded out of everything.

A slowing-down of the car warned her that she had reached her hotel. There was the crowd!—that faithful London crowd which springs up miraculously out of the pavement when any event is imminent. Miss Jasmine Sweete braced herself; automatically registered shyness and expectancy, and stepped out daintily on to the pavement. A swelling cheer greeted her as she turned swiftly, waved her hand charmingly, and paused for a moment as several cameras were levelled at her. Then she was within the brightly-illuminated hotel lobby; the manager was advancing with bows and smiles, the staff were staring as much as decorum would permit. Another public arrival had been successfully accomplished.

Once alone at last in her luxurious suite, the idol of three continents flung herself petulantly into a deep, inviting chair. A large mail was already neatly stacked on her desk. She turned her head away from it—Midge, her efficient secretary, would deal with it as usual. Those charmingly personal messages which had helped to endear the Golden Girl to a grateful public were invariably the work of Midge's inventive

brain. Yet, for once that pile of letters attracted her; she arose and selected the first bundle that came to hand. The stiff expensive paper and the address which headed it made the first letter an interesting one. She read it attentively:

"How much pleasure it would give me if you would waive ceremony and allow me to take you out to dinner."

She glanced at the signature, and put the letter on one side. "I'll get Midge to check up on this one—it's a Mayfair address." She did not intend to dine with any unknown admirer, but the terms of her refusal had to be carefully graded according to the status of the applicant. She yawned, and picked up the next letter:

"I think you are simply wonderful, and I never miss going to any film of yours. If you would ever consider sending me a signed photograph, the other girls would be too jealous for words!"

A round schoolgirlish handwriting, and the address of a school in the provinces. She laughed and sent this letter to join the other upon the floor. The third letter was brief and to the point:

"Do not fail to ring up Central 0000 as soon as you arrive."

That was all. She read it again with annoyance, then with a sensation of alarm. All too easily her mind took fright and her fancy raced her towards fearful contingencies—she tried to check herself but unavailingly. Was this an indirect prelude to kidnapping her?—and if she rang up would she hear a gruff voice at the other end saying: "It's no good, Baby—you hand over the dough and we'll keep our hands off you!"? She shuddered and closed her eyes. One read of these things happening to other people, but not to her popular young self. And she was in London now where gangsters did not flourish. Yet in spite of all her reasonings with her own panic, it refused to subside; and that she was alone intensified it. She wished irritably that Midge, that pillar of common sense, had not asked to have the week-end off. She wished furiously that her maid were a good sailor, and not at that moment lying inert and indifferent to all things in another part of the hotel. "This always happens when I let her travel ahead of me," she thought wrathfully. "Well, she goes after this—I'm through with her." And the glint in her eyes showed that the Golden Girl meant what she said.

Meanwhile, there was that mysterious and troubling message. Should she summon the manager?—no, it might make

him wish that she had gone elsewhere—he, too, could pick and choose his company. Should she ring up Scotland Yard? She hesitated, for like many perfectly innocent people she was flustered at the mere prospect of being interviewed by a policeman! And what a fool she would look if there was nothing wrong after all! As she sat there tense and uncertain what she should do, the telephone bell rang suddenly.

She clenched her hands, and then jumped to her feet. What was coming over her to panic like this? And after all it was only Bobby—otherwise Robert Jocelyn Douglas Charles, Duke of Montshire, young, pleasant and her most devoted swain.

"Bobby!" it was no effort to sound pleased. "You just rang me up in time—I feel like passing out!"

"You can't feel worse than I do," a mournful voice responded. "I've got a vile cold—the doctor says it's 'flu,' and I'm off to bed. I'm frightfully sorry, old thing—but you don't want me to give you 'flu' do you?"

"Heavens, no!" she forced herself to sound more sympathetic. "What bad luck that you are ill this evening—I thought we were dining together?"

"We were," he agreed gloomily. "But it's orange-juice and beef-tea for me—abominable diet! Look here, why not ring up Gerry?—he'll be delighted to replace me."

"No, thanks." She felt unready for that naïve, and extremely boring young man. "I guess if you're not on the landscape I'll sit here and brood over my sins!"

"That doesn't sound like you," he laughed wheezily. "I hate to think of you alone on your first night in Town. What will you do, really?"

"Have dinner in my room and go to bed with a novel," she told him. "I'm terribly sorry you're laid low like this—give me a ring as soon as you feel like it. You will—good boy! Now, off to bed with you!"

She hung up the receiver and felt blank. She was never alone like this, and the experience was disturbing. All the more as she was unsettled by that mysterious letter. Suddenly she made up her mind; anything was better than to sit here alone until Midge returned to-morrow morning. Anything was better than suspense. She set her teeth, took up the receiver again and dialled "Central oooo." It seemed an eternity before the buzzing ceased and a woman's voice said: "Is that Miss Jasmine Sweete?"

"Yes." She wished her voice would not quiver. Then, more firmly, "Who are you, anyway? And what do you want?"

Now it was the turn of the other voice to quiver.

"Don't ring-off, *please*! Just hear me out. I'm a woman without a job and at the end of my tether. They say you're kind—can't you give me something to do while you're in London? Typing—shorthand—I speak three languages."

"My secretary speaks four languages." The Golden Girl's voice was metallic. "See here, why don't you get round to agencies? This isn't the way to get fixed up!"

"I know it isn't! But have you never gone to agencies yourself? Surely you did, once? And have you forgotten all the other women on the same hunt? Do look back, Miss Sweete!"

This request might have infuriated the Golden Girl at any other moment, but now her relief that this was not a gangster's plot overcame all other feelings. She paused, recalled her own earlier struggles, and then said in a different voice:

"Well, yes, I guess I haven't forgotten, Miss—what's your name, anyway?"

"Philomena Smith."

"What?" She nearly dropped the receiver.

"Yes—it really is! I'm sorry—I know it was your own name before you became Jasmine Sweete—I read that in an article about you."

"Everything leaks out," said the Golden Girl viciously. "You're not my long-lost twin sister by any chance?"

"I am telling you the truth!" The other voice had quickened with resentment. "I am really Philomena Smith—and I can give you references to prove it. Look here," the voice grew urgent again, "do, do let me meet you—there must be something I can do. Surely Film Stars have a train of secretaries with them always?"

"I don't," Jasmine said laconically. "Only one, and a maid. Oh!"—she paused and reflected—"can you sew?—look after clothes? Because I'm changing my maid, and if that isn't beneath you—"

"Nothing is beneath me!" the voice at the other end was almost gay. "Will you really try me as your maid? I'll come as soon as you like."

"Come along now." The Golden Girl was noted for her decisiveness. "And bring those references along with you."

"I don't know how to thank you! You're as kind as they say you are!" the voice was unsteady with emotion.

"You wait till you have lived with me a bit!" Jasmine laughed drily. "Bring some clothes with you so that you can stay if I think you will suit me. How far are you from here? It takes half an hour?"—she glanced at the clock. "Don't wait for a meal—you can have something here. Come straight along."

She rang off and returned to her comfortable chair.

"Maybe I'm a fool," she thought, "but there's no harm in being a fool once!" However, her native caution exerted itself. She rose, crossed the room and rang up the bureau.

"There's a girl coming to see me in half an hour—a Miss Smith. I want someone to come up and unpack for me while she's here—I'm not to be left alone—remember that!"

"Certainly, Madame. A maid will be sent up to your suite as soon as Miss Smith arrives." The receptionist rang off and turned to the manager who had just come in. "The Golden Girl seems to be flustered about something! She's expecting a visitor, and wants a maid to be at hand all the time!"

"Unusual." The manager looked thoughtful. "But I suppose she has a good reason for it. Still, you might tell Burt to be about the corridor." He strolled away.

Half an hour later the mysterious Miss Smith presented herself at the bureau. She noticed the keen scrutiny which the staff gave her, and a vivid flush rose to her cheeks. Her shabby clothes, of course!—film stars did not have such dowdy visitors as a rule! She flung up her head, and with all the dignity she could muster followed the page to the lift.

He deposited her at the door of the luxury suite and turned away. How awful her old suit-case looked on that glossy carpet!—she bent down to push it to one side, and nearly fell into the room as the door opened.

"For heaven's sake!—do you always come in like that?"

They both laughed, and then eyed each other searchingly. Philomena Smith saw the features made familiar to every cinema-goer; the shining waves of golden hair, the wide artless blue eyes, the mouth that seemed ever curved expectantly. The Golden Girl saw a tired, too thin face; honest grey eyes, and a smile of candid sweetness. "She'll do!" she decided inwardly; for her varied career had taught her how to sum up people at a glance. She waved towards a chair: "Sit

down—we'll talk as we eat." The meaning of that pallor was not lost upon her. She paused at the telephone. "I'm dining upstairs—send up dinner for two."

The room was warm, fragrant with flowers, redolent of ease, of wealth, of security. Philomena Smith closed her eyes and collected her thoughts. Was this a dream—would she wake and find herself in her dingy bed-sittingroom again? No, it was not a dream; there was nothing in the least astral about the room, or the maid who moved about in the adjoining bedroom, her arms full of shimmering garments.

"Shut that door, please," Jasmine called out suddenly. The maid complied with half-concealed surprise. "Now, Miss Philomena Smith—I'd like to know why you were so sure that I would ring you up?"

"I wasn't sure," the girl said simply. "I just took a chance that you might be interested in a mysterious message."

"I was," the Golden Girl said grimly. "I thought you were a gangster about to kidnap me unless I paid up!"

"Oh, goodness!—I never thought of that!" Philomena's voice was full of consternation. "I never meant to alarm you—did I?"

"You sure did—but never mind that now. Where are these famous references?"

Philomena pushed a handful of envelopes across the table. As she read them carefully, one by one, the Golden Girl's face changed. Had it hardened, or was it a trick of the light?

"Father Sullivan . . . Reverend Mother Ignatius. . . You seem pretty well fixed up with good and holy people!" she said at last. "You're a Catholic?—of course you are with a name like that!"

"Yes, I'm a Catholic." There was an awkward silence. It was equally obvious that the former Philomena Smith must have the same reason for the name bestowed upon her. At last the Golden Girl looked up.

"Well, so was I, but I'm no longer one—I'm nothing. So there you are! Now do you walk out, or will you stay on to convert me?"

Underneath the strident defiance was something half unhappy, half afraid. It was not lost upon her visitor.

"No—I'm not walking out," she said firmly. "Unless you decide to send me away! I begged St. Philomena to make you respond to my letter—and—well, she *did*! So I hope she means you to keep me!"

"Oh, you prayed about it, did you?"

"I prayed my hardest, and then this idea came to me. Of course, I knew that there was one chance in a thousand that you would open my letter—"

"Not so much as that!" the Golden Girl interposed. "I leave all my fan mail to Midge—my secretary—but as it happened she is away for this week-end. You certainly were lucky this time!"

"Yes—thank God!" said Philomena Smith.

The two Philomenas looked at each other in silence. Then the Golden Girl shrugged her shoulders.

"There's a Reverend Mother out in Canada who has a batch of orphans praying for me. And her brother who's a priest in New York has stuck my picture in his Girls' Club to remind them to carry on the good work! And a Carmelite in San Francisco—and a Poor Clare in Dublin. They would be tickled to death to hear how you were walked in on me—St. Philomena!"

"Or how St. Philomena walked me in!" the other girl said mischievously. "Now, what can I do for you—shall I unpack?"

"That has been done by the maid," the Golden Girl replied, with an inexplicable giggle. "Oh, I forgot—she's still stuck in there!"—she raised her voice: "Don't do any more with my things—you can leave me now." And as the maid emerged and made her way towards the door: "Tell them downstairs that Miss Smith is staying on, and that I want her fixed up comfortably."

"I can't imagine anyone being uncomfortable here!" Philomena Smith said impulsively.

"Can't you?—I can!" the Golden Girl retorted drily.

And she spoke truly. When your conscience begins to stir after years of torpor the sensation is uncomfortable indeed!

M. O'ROURKE.

Mary Magnifying God

MAKE great the Infinite? Yea, as the halcyon main
Mirrors and doubles the glories of the night,
So doth our Mother's soul flash back again
The Sun of Justice to our mortal sight.

THE ENIGMA OF ERASMUS

1466-1536

ROTTERDAM which he himself claimed as his birth-place, Bâle where he died, Louvain where he long resided, have lately celebrated or are preparing to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the death of the great Humanist, Erasmus, an enigmatical character regarding whom controversy is still alive and vigorous.

What was his position with regard to the Reformation? Was he one of that large body of good Catholics who, all too conscious of the unhappy condition of the Church and of religion, were loud in their demands for instant and radical reforms in "head and members"? Or rather one of those who rebelled against the authority of the Church and sought to destroy her? The men of his own day were never quite sure of the answer, at least up to 1524 when his "De Libero Arbitrio" was published; so that he was claimed by reformers—Œsolampadius went so far as to write "Magnus Erasmus Noster" in one of his prefaces—and also by the orthodox defenders of the old regime; and, again, he became, because of the uncertainty regarding his allegiance, a prominent target for the abuse of both parties. To-day the question would seem to remain as unsettled as ever. Many Protestant historians declare him to have been on the side of the new order, while others, not all Catholics, insist that he was, in Cardinal Gasquet's phrase, "a reformer in the best sense." This lasting uncertainty, coupled with the fact that in July occurs the fourth centenary of his death, seems a sufficient excuse for a further attempt to determine his real character.

Erasmus was born, probably in 1466, at Gouda in Holland, the natural son of a man called Gerhard; his own name, Desiderius Erasmus, being nothing but the Latin and Greek versions of the paternal name, according to a popular humanist convention. When he was about eighteen his father died, leaving him at the mercy of guardians who, after some time, persuaded the boy, seemingly somewhat against his will, to enter the neighbouring Augustinian monastery. The references to this Community which Erasmus made later in life, were far from complimentary. According to him the

friars were both ignorant and coarse. But they seem to have been rather more broadminded than he asserted, for he was permitted to follow, with a great deal of freedom, his bent for the study of the classics and the Fathers. Altogether he cannot have been more than five years in the monastery, but the effect of a form of life for which he had no real vocation on the development of his mind cannot be minimized, for it was then and there that the hatred and contempt which he ever afterwards felt for monks and the monastic system had their origin. No doubt, other ingredients went to its making, among them the Renaissance tendency to exalt the purely natural gifts and graces of humanity over the intangible treasures of the supernatural, but it was given point and bitterness by the unhappy experiences of early manhood.

In 1491 there came a very welcome opportunity of leaving the distasteful surroundings of the monastery, when the Bishop of Cambray asked for him as Latin secretary on a projected visit to Rome. He was thus freed from the irksome discipline of the cloister, for although the Roman visit was not realized, he found opportunity in 1495 to go instead to the University of Paris, the goal of long-cherished desires. At Paris he managed to subsist on a small pension given him by his patron the Bishop, eking out by whatever he could make by taking pupils. After a time his health, never very robust, was affected by the deplorable living conditions, scanty and poor food and damp lodgings, and henceforward he suffered almost continuously from various ailments.

Among his pupils at Paris was the Englishman, William Blount, Lord Mountjoy, who in 1498, persuaded his tutor to visit England. At Oxford he formed a lifelong friendship with John Colet, and in London with St. Thomas More, Linacre and others. A year later he returned to Paris to continue his Greek studies, and there published his "Collectanea Adagiorum," a series of extracts from the Classics and the Fathers. After another brief visit to England, he travelled largely on the Continent, supporting himself by private tuition. It was as tutor to the sons of Battista Boerio that he reached Italy in 1506. He rarely stayed long in one place—Louvain boasts that his sojourn there of nearly six years was the longest time he ever spent in the same spot—and after making many "contacts" with eminent Italians and being feted by the Papal Court, he went to England again, wrote whilst in St. Thomas's household, his best-known book, the

"Praise of Folly," and finished his edition of the New Testament. Restless and independent of character, he was soon on his travels again, and we next hear of him at Bâle where he remained, at intervals, from 1514 to 1529, at the famous press of Johannes Froben. The rest of his life was devoted to the publication of his own voluminous works and those of his friends. He died on July 12, 1536, aged seventy years. A quiet, uneventful and typically scholarly life, you may say. But during those years an event, which Belloc does not hesitate to describe as the most important happening in the history of the world since the Incarnation, had taken place.

Having thus briefly reviewed the life of Erasmus we may now glance at his character. Erasmus has always reigned as the humanist *par excellence*. In this man, according to the verdict of history, is expressed "the high, absolute and essential renaissance." An ardent lover of learning, he devoted his whole life with passionate intensity to its service: "When I get money," he once said, "I will first buy books and then food." A brilliant and prolific writer, he was not content to follow the humanist fashion of slavish imitation of the antique, but, instead, moulded his language to the shape of a vivacious, ardent and colourful personality. Erasmian Latin, one of the chief glories of Renaissance prose, may best be studied in the letters which he wrote—some 3,000 are preserved—amusing letters, half-convivial, wholly worldly, not too learned.

But if he possessed the virtues and excellences of Humanism in a marked and high degree, his also were its attendant defects. His works, as the historian Janssen points out, are "superficially brilliant, contradictory and inaccurate." The typical Renaissance short-comings may also be found in the man's character. He was intolerably vain. But then, "a man whom," as Luther testifies, "the whole world applauds," who was courted by kings and princes, Pope and cardinals, may be excused if he finds the wine of life a trifle heady. Being vain, he was intolerant of opposition. On one occasion, Edward Lee, afterwards Archbishop of York, had the temerity to suggest that many of the annotations of the "Novum Instrumentum" were adapted at his own suggestion. A heated controversy ensued, in the course of which Lee described Erasmus as being "all nose, teeth, nails and stomach," and the description may not be inapt. He was also venal. Avarice and greed form a most unpleasant trait in his character.

Though latterly by no means a poor man—he may have had, Belloc suggests, as much as £1,000 a year—he was continually begging, and when kind and liberal friends gave him gifts of money he returned without a vestige of shame to ask for more. "O, this begging," he once exclaimed, "I know well enough that you will be laughing at me."

By certain standards Erasmus was a great man, not indeed in the spiritual sense in which Francis of Assisi was great, nor was he, of course, a forceful and exuberant personality like Cesare Borgia or Julius II, but great as a moulder of thought, as Voltaire or Rousseau or Marx were great, men who altered and generally perverted the course of history.

Throughout his life Erasmus constantly protested his loyalty to the Church and to her hierarchy, but it is highly probable that his all-absorbing interest in Humanism had sapped his Catholic spirit, that while he considered himself a loyal Catholic his spirit was not that of the Church. True, he always preached the practice of virtue, but rather of the natural than the supernatural virtues. He had a strong dislike for dogmatic utterance, thought private judgment should be relied upon to a greater extent and desired that more emphasis should be laid on the inner intuition than on the "hypocrisy of good works." We should not, however, over-stress that last attitude, for at that time the religion of the German people had to a great extent run into externalism, and it may well be that in desiring a form of Christianity "freed from all ceremonies and formulas" he was merely reacting against the opposite extreme. Many of his beliefs would be considered heretical to-day, but it should be remembered that some questions were much less rigidly defined in the years previous to the Council of Trent than they are now. His religious writings, as Professor J. M. O'Sullivan points out, lack three essential qualities: a strong and lively faith, a theological mind, and true Christian piety. His very defence of religion—the "De Libero Arbitrio" and the "Hyperaspites" written against Luther, and his "Spongia" in which he defends himself against the German Humanist, Ulrich Von Hutten—show how far he was from true Christian piety and the spirit of the Church. It is a significant fact that St. Ignatius had very decided objections to his "Breastplate of the Christian Soldier," and that Mary Tudor would not allow some of his books into England. Further evidence that his mind was tainted by the paganism of the Renaissance is

afforded by the fact that the Council of Trent, unable to suppress his "Adagia," published an official and Bowdlerized edition.

I have mentioned that Erasmus wrote his "Praise of Folly" at the house of his friend St. Thomas More. That work quickly made him famous. But, according to its author, the "Praise of Folly" was nothing more than a huge and amusing joke. Did not Pope Leo himself have a good laugh over it? In it kings, princes, popes, institutions are indiscriminately satirized, the foibles and weaknesses of men ridiculed. But is the author's description of his work correct? Is it merely abuses, follies, foibles which writhe under the lash of the satirist? We may well ask the question, for beneath the surface fooling there appears a certain bitterness, a spite not wholly recognized by the writer perhaps, but evidently part of his habitual outlook. Though none of the doctrines of the Church are directly attacked therein, the "Praise of Folly" is in effect a serious and merciless onslaught on the whole Catholic system. In turn, Erasmus sneers at the piety which prompts the faithful to pay special devotion to particular saints or to put themselves under the patronage of one rather than another; he describes indulgences as "certain magical little certificates and prayers which some pious impostor devised either in fun or for the benefit of his own pocket"; and questions the utility of votive offerings in thanksgiving for favours received. "Ad quid perditio haec?" is the sentiment behind this cavilling at practices which, no doubt, can be pushed to extremes. But it is when he treats of theologians, scholastics and monks, that Erasmus is at his bitterest and wittiest. Like Swift he employs a cold and terrible irony so as to make us laugh at the object of his dislike and to share his contempt of it. All the rancour which had long lain in his starved heart wells up and overflows in these pages which, were not the institutions and persons he gibes at an integral part of God's Church, we could enjoy as exquisite satire. But unlike his friend the saintly Chancellor, he could not distinguish between the office and the man. Even were we to assume that the book was written in a humorous spirit it could not, appearing when it did, have failed to do immense harm; for Europe at the moment was in a religious ferment, many apostates were in actual rebellion against the Church, others coveting her riches and seeking occasion to seize them, so that a host of the disaffected were likely to welcome this virulent and unsparing attack on monks, theologians, the scholastic sys-

tem and the invocation of the saints. St. Thomas More himself, at first tolerant of the unfairness on account of the wit, was later to recognize this danger: "If any man would now," he wrote in his controversy with Tyndale, "translate the 'Moriae' into English, or some work either which I myself have written ere this, albeit there be no harm therein . . . I would help to burn them with my own hands rather than that folk should (through their own fault) take any harm of them."

To treat of the work of Erasmus on the Fathers, notably on St. Jerome, would take us too far afield, and we may conclude by some appreciation of perhaps his most important work, namely, his edition of the Greek New Testament, the "Novum Instrumentum," which opened the way to a formation of a better text, and set on foot what has since developed into an orgy of unrestrained criticism. Lorenzo Valla, sceptic and profligate for all his official position, gave him the lead in this matter. Too much, of course, has been made of this pioneer work. It consisted of a Greek text with a new Latin translation meant to replace the Vulgate. It neither made the Gospels "common property," for it was not in the vernacular, nor did it do anything more than provide a Greek text for other scholars to emend. The work was characteristically Erasmian, it abounded in inaccuracies and was made the vehicle of his habitual vilification of the clergy. But it had, as Mr. Belloc shows, a certain importance. It was an appeal from the Church to the Bible as final authority, suggesting that interpretations hitherto accepted might not be correct. Then in the clever, lucid, and thought-provoking footnotes there was the beginning of a rationalist textual criticism. Many saw a lack of reverence in such treatment of the Bible, but More, on the other hand, defended "this holy work and labour of the immortal Erasmus," and ridiculed the idea that he had declared that there was no longer any need of theologians since grammarians would suffice. It was, however, in this spirit that the critic wrote; his interpretation of texts and vital words is rationalistic and arbitrary. He questions the traditional interpretation of the text "Thou art Peter . . .", the accepted translation of the words "ecclesia," "eucharist," etc. Such were some of the matters slyly mooted by Erasmus, and very soon Luther was to roar back the answers with all the strength of his brazen lungs; the wrong answers, yet acceptable to many—to some because they seemed authentic, to others because they suited their pockets or their passions.

Those who have studied the history of the French Revolution will remember what an important part the works of the eighteenth-century philosophers played in preparing the ground for it. It was not only the leaders of the Revolution who were formed by these writings; the faith of the nobles and the court party was seriously undermined, so that they could not defend in any satisfactory way a system in which they no longer believed. Similarly the success of Luther's revolt was in a measure prepared for by the writings of Erasmus, by his "Praise of Folly," but especially by the "Novum Instrumentum." Weakened by the anaemia of doubt, the powers of resistance of many who clung to the old order were considerably lessened. In this sense the saying that "Erasmus laid the egg which Luther hatched" is true. Did Erasmus realize the part he was playing? We may answer, no! Like many others who misunderstood the indefectibility of the Church, he did not understand Luther's movement until it was too late. Catholicism had resisted and overcome the "gates of hell" so often previously that the true character of this new revolt was not at first seen, even by the Popes, Leo and Clement. And so Erasmus, rashly confident of the permanency of the old system (much like that "firm supporter of the king," the author of the "Marriage of Figaro," two centuries later in France), had forged two evil weapons—rationalism and irreverence—which were to show that permanence was consistent with grievous loss. He was intoxicated by his own genius and made it the measure of all things, without seriously considering the consequences. "The egg," he later complained bitterly, "was an egg to hatch forth a chicken, but what Luther hatched was something different indeed."

At the beginning Erasmus sympathized with Luther and saluted in him the man destined to abolish "scholasticism, the pasturage of asses, and to substitute poetry, the food of the gods." This saying helps to indicate the precise position of Erasmus, and further words of his written to the Swiss reformer Zwingli in 1521, make it still more evident: "It seems to me," he wrote, "that I have taught all that Luther has taught, but without the enigmas and paradoxes." For Erasmus was first and last a humanist, a man of letters, and he could not see that these very "enigmas and paradoxes" which interested him so little were alone of importance to Luther, and that the whole dispute rested on them. For long he considered Luther a reformer in the orthodox sense of the word:

"It cannot be denied," he wrote to Duke George of Saxony in 1522, "that Luther has started to play an excellent part for the cause of Christ which had been wiped off the face of the earth." And, latitudinarian that he was, he long hesitated to break with the heresiarch because he thought that some compromise might be come to between the contending parties. Eventually, however, alarmed by Luther's denial of free will, he took his stand on the side of orthodoxy, at the instigation of anxious friends, by publishing his "De Libero Arbitrio," not indeed a conspicuous success, for like Voltaire, he had an excellent talent for pulling things down—"plus nocuit iocando quam Lutherus stomachando"—but lacked constructive ability. The "De Libero Arbitrio" did indeed succeed, to a certain extent, in detaching the German Humanists from the Lutheran cause, but the damage had been done! Frederick the Wise had been strengthened in his support of the rebel by the attitude of Erasmus and, encouraged by the same attitude, Luther had defied the supreme authority in Europe, the Pope and the Emperor, and had shattered the old unity of Christendom. Erasmus must share in the blame for the harm which had been done. No reform of religious abuses, little or great, can be effected without charity and humility on the part of the reformer, charity uniting him with God from whom his strength comes, humility in reckoning himself merely God's instrument. One looks in vain for these fundamental virtues in the greatest of the Humanists, consequently, for all his genius, his influence on the world was rather hurtful than helpful. Yet St. Thomas More, saintly and clear-sighted, loved and esteemed him—a fact which by itself would make unqualified censure rash.

W. P. MacDONAGH.

Seeing God

He was in the world, and the world knew Him not.

I CAME out into newness, which spread beyond the sight,
I Emerged from dreary sameness to manifold delight.
I saw a new creation, as tremblingly I trod
The many-tinted verdure around the feet of God.
O world of light and wonder—and why delayed so long?
O rhapsody of colour! O miracle of song!
O nature-haunting angels, how merrily you smile,
Since all that now amazes was with me all the while!

H. M. CROSS.

IN A POET'S WORKSHOP

II. THE WOODLARK : BY G. M. HOPKINS

OF the numerous "fragments" found among Father Hopkins's papers after his death, this is one of the most delightful. It is also the nearest to being finished, and it is a puzzle to know why it was not finished. Some of the other incomplete poems appear to have said all that was to be said before the chosen form, sonnet or other, was filled up, a thing likely to happen with a poet of such concentrated expression; one, the "Epithalamium," begins perhaps too far away from its nominal subject, and seems to be reaching an *impasse* where it stops. But why not finish the "Woodlark," that "tiny trickle of song-strain"? It is almost all there; only three and a half lines can certainly be said to be missing; the arrangement of the existing parts seems to need little consideration. And Hopkins must have loved this poem: his best poem, in his own judgment, was about a bird, the "Windhover," and he has two Skylark sonnets.

Before we set the poem down, which I am enabled to do here by the generous permission of the poet's Family and of the Oxford University Press, something must be said of the MS. This, by the kindness of Mr. Gerald Hopkins, I have been allowed to study. Like all Hopkins's poetical manuscripts it is a thing of beauty as well as interest. It is written, as if to fit the subject, in a minute script on a small sheet of folded notepaper, three of the four pages being used. The poem is in nine separated passages, some of only two lines, with greater or lesser spaces left blank between them. Dr. Bridges printed these nine passages, inserting lines of dots between them, in the order of the MS., with scrupulous accuracy, changing, however, as he notes, the evidently erroneous "sheaf" to "sheath."

In altering somewhat (below) the order of the passages as they stand in the MS. and in the editions, I rely (for justification) on the extremely draft-like character of the MS., and (for choice of order) partly on "internal" considerations and a little on the habits of the bird-poet as watched by the wood-side or read about in books. The numbers in the margin give

the original order of the passages. Not regarding the various couplets and unfinished sentences as intended for stanzas I have had no hesitation in grouping them together, making but six stanzas in all; in forming the second of these I have detached the last couplet of the first passage from those that precede it. As to punctuation I have supplied full-stops at the end of passages where they were wanting, but otherwise have followed exactly the MS., as do the editions. It will be seen that for the three missing lines (I do not know what will be thought of me!) I have supplied lines of my own, enclosing them in rather unnecessary square brackets. The excuse for this impiety is a pious one: I would have the effect of a lovely piece of verse to be, at least for a moment, not interrupted by gaps in its strain.

THE WOODLARK

(1) *Teevo cheevo cheevio chee:*
 O where, what can thát be?
Weedio-weedio: there again!
 So tiny a trickle of sóng-strain;
 And all round not to be found
 For brier, bough, furrow, or gréen ground
 Before or behind or fár or at hand
 Either left either right
 Anywhere in the súnlight.

Well, after all! Ah but hark—
 'I am the little woodlark.

(4) The skylark is my cousin and he
 Is known to men more than me.

(3) Round a ring, around a ring
 And while I sail (must listen) I sing.

(2) To-day the sky is two and two
 With white strokes and strains of the blue.

(7) The blue wheat-acre is underneath
 And the braided ear breaks out of the sheath,
 The ear in milk, lush the sash,
 And crush-silk poppies aflash,
 The blood-gush blade-gash
 Flame-rash rudred
 Bud shelling or broad-shed
 Tatter-tassel-tangled and dingle-a-dangled
 Dandy-hung dainty head.

(8) And down the furrow dry
 Sunspurge and oxeye
 And lace-leaved lovely
 Foam-tuft fumitory.
 (6) I am so véry, O so very glad
 That I dō think there is not to be had
 [Any where any more joy to be in.
 (5) *Cheevio:*] when the cry within
 Says Go on then I go on
 Till the longing is less and the good gone.
 But down drop, if it says Stop,
 To the all-a-leaf of the tréetop.
 And after that off the bough
 [Hover-float to the hedge brow.]

(9) Through the velvety wind V-winged
 [Where shake shadow is sun's-eye-ringed]
 To the nest's nook I balance and buoy
 With a sweet joy of a sweet joy,
 Sweet, of a sweet, of a sweet joy
 Of a sweet—a sweet—sweet—joy.'

Some brief justifications for the re-arrangement: and first as to the reversal in order of passages 2, 3, 4. The ornitho-biographic 4 is least of an interruption when it follows on the similar line "I am the little Woodlark." (But the couplet is more than ornithological; it gives us the humility and simple pride of this most contented little bird.) Then 3 should precede 2, because 3 announces the song and 2 begins it. And 7 continues it, leading up to the canary-like burst of "Tatter-tassel-tangled," etc.; with 8 for the descant. No doubt the 5—6 passages could precede 7—8 as they happen to do in the draft of the poem; but the bird's joy is better asserted *after* it has been demonstrated in this outpour of song. To put 6 before 5 is the natural thought sequence: "I am happy, therefore I sing," not the other way round; and incidentally this order enables us to complete the passage with a single "patch" verse. Then 9, the last-written passage, tells whither the bird is going "off the bough" and makes, inevitably, the close.

Obviously to enjoy this poem to the full more is necessary than to be interested in the technique of poetry. You must have kept open eyes in the fields: have stared at the poppied wheat, delighting in the wind-confused petals coloured deep as blood and "rash" as flame, or lifted the drooped buds to see where the crimson breaks through the pale-lipped wounds

between the green ; have pulled the half-plumped wheat-ears from their soft, lush sash¹ or sheath (as you surely did if you were ever a boy) and bitten on them till the milky juice of the unripe grain oozed out. Sunspurge and fumitory must be friends of yours, no less than the ox-eye daisy known to everyone ; and above all you must love birds.

Those of my readers who do will not be loath if I make some attempt to identify the bird of this poem. It is not quite so simple a matter as it seems. The name woodlark is sometimes given to another bird than that to which it properly belongs. This other is the tree-pipit. Both birds are about the same size, the pipit being slightly the smaller, and are similar in colouring. Which of them did the poet meet on or a little before July 5, 1876, somewhere, presumably, in the valley of the Clwyd in North Wales? I plump, myself, for the tree-pipit; for the poem seems to me to fit him like a glove; yet this may be only because he is an acquaintance of mine, and the true woodlark is not. I had the good fortune, at Stonyhurst, many years ago, in company with an accomplished bird man, to watch the tree-pipit give his fascinating "turn." And since a tree may perhaps keep its pipit from one generation to another, I will add (for the benefit of Stonyhurst men) that this pipit-tree was an oak in Harry Meadow close to the Fell road. What I remember best is the "balance and buoy" of the spiral descent from the tree-top; of the song only its charm and its joy linger in the mind. Afterwards my bird man found the nest for me in the hedge-bank with its marbled chocolate-purple eggs.

But it will be safer to go to the authorities. White of Selborne rather fails us, for his English names make identification uncertain. It is probably, according to one of his editors, Sir William Jardine (1854), of the tree- and not the meadow-pipit that he writes : "Titlarks not only sing sweetly as they sit on trees, but also as they play and toy about on the wing ; and particularly while they are descending, and sometimes as they stand on the ground." Of the Woodlark (fully defined here as *Alauda arborea*) he says that it sings "suspended ; in hot summer nights all night long." But both birds are admirably studied in Mr. W. H. Hudson's "British Birds."² The case for the Woodlark shall be given first.

¹ I am only guessing that "sash" (=frame) is another word for sheath. The Oxford Dictionary is no help.

² I am allowed to cite, from the 1918 edition, the two following passages by the kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., publishers of the book named.

It ranks with the six or eight finest British songsters, but is the least known of all. The tree-pipit, sometimes called woodlark, is a much better known songster. When the woodlark is seen or heard he is taken by most people for the skylark. The mistake is easily made, the song having the same character, and is a continuous stream of jubilant sound, delivered in the same manner; for the woodlark, too, soars, "and soaring sings." He differs from the skylark in his manner of rising: that bird goes up and up, not quite vertically, but inclining now to this side, now to that, with intervals of suspension, but still as if drawn heavenward by an invisible cord or magnet; the woodlark ascends in circles, and finally does not attain to so great a height. He also sings on his perch on a tree [which a skylark never does], and rises from the tree to sing aloft, and in this habit he is like the tree-pipit. Although the woodlark's song resembles that of the larger bird [skylark] in character, there is more sameness in the flow of sounds, and it is not so powerful; on the other hand, the sounds are sweeter in quality. . . . The woodlark is very local in its distribution; it is nowhere common, and its range in this country is a somewhat limited one. In the north of England it is very rare. . . . Although it feeds, roosts and nests on the ground, it must, like the tree-pipit, have trees to perch on; and, like that bird it has a favourite perch, where it may be confidently looked for at any hour of the day during the spring and summer months.

The continuous and comparatively monotonous character of the woodlark's song does not seem to fit the poem too well, and the rarity of the bird, especially in the North, is against him. Now for a picture of the tree-pipit by the same writer:

The tree-pipit is distributed widely over the country, and is found at most woodsides and where trees grow singly or in isolated groups about the pasture-lands. . . . It has been said of the tree-pipit's song that it is like that of the canary, and that it "is perhaps more attractive from the manner in which it is given than from its actual quality." Both statements are true in a measure: that is to say, they will be found true in many instances, but not always. For there are few birds in which the song varies so much in different individuals. The reiterated, clear, thin notes and trills that so closely resemble those of the caged canary are heard in some songs, and not in others. As a rule the bird perches on a favourite tree, very often using the same branch, and at intervals rising into the air, ascends with rapidly beating wings, and when it attains to the highest point (usually as high again as the tree, but sometimes considerably higher) the song begins with a succession of notes resembling the throat notes of the skylark, but very much softer. With the song the descent begins, the open wings fixed motionless, and so raised as to give the bird a parachute-like appearance, falling slowly in a beautiful curve or spiral;

on the perch the song continues, but with notes of a different quality, clear, sweet and expressive, repeated many times. Having ended its song, it remains perched for a few moments silent, or else uttering notes as at the beginning, until once more it quits its perch, either to repeat the flight and song, or to drop to the ground, from which it shortly ascends to sing again. The manner in which the song is given is thus always beautiful, and in some individuals there is a wonderful sweetness in the quality of the voice.

There are phrases in this description which recall vividly the "balance and buoy" and the "V-winged" of the poem, as well as the canary-like trill of the poppy passage. The association of the song with the descent to the tree-top also fits the poem; while the sentence beginning "Having ended its song, etc.", matches with "And after that off the bough." It is said of the woodlark that it ascends in circles, of the tree-pipit that it descends "in a beautiful spiral"; it may perhaps be thought that here the poem's "Round a ring, around a ring" fits better with the woodlark. I must leave it to the reader to decide the question.

The metric of this poem is interesting, and illustrates well enough the single rule to which Hopkins (despite his famous preface!) reduced the laws of English prosody. It may be stated: "Every verse contains a predetermined number of accented syllables." (It has a scholion: in polysyllables the accent is fixed by the dictionary; on all monosyllables by the poet, at his own risk.) The rule had always been the only rule of English prosody to which no exceptions were admitted; the chief distinction in Hopkins (a firm traditionalist) being that he admitted exceptions to all the other rules more freely, and more skilfully, than most poets. He also admitted exceptions, cautiously, to the one rule's scholion: but in this, too, he was no absolute innovator.

In that rule the word *predetermined* is, manifestly all-important; Hopkins ignored it twice, and twice only (in the "Echoes" and the "Epithalamium"), with results that are extremely interesting but extremely dangerous as a precedent. In this poem he observes it faithfully: the poem is in four-beat with a possible three-beat in one stanza (predetermination does not, of course, exclude *ordered* variety of the verse-lengths). The union of rigidity with infinite variety which the one-rule prosody provides makes a good basis, in this poem, for a music of lark-song type: monotonous yet perpetually changing. While the four accents persist the

number of syllables varies from four in "Fláme-rásh rúdréd," to twelve in "Tatter-tassel-tangled and dingle-a-dangled." The MS. of this latter line is of great prosodic interest. It was first written :

Tassel-tangled and dingle-a-dangled

the dots marking the syllables to be accented. Hopkins similarly marked the four preceding and the next following lines; for his own private use, I think: it was necessary in this passage to be especially careful that the accents-number, the current-bass of the measure, was being strictly observed, just because here everything else was running free. But Hopkins wanted a rush of unaccented syllables at the beginning of this line, to get the canary effect. So he added "Tatter—" in front and deleted the dot under "tassel." If you hyphen words together you may (though you need not) regard them as one word and so escape the tyranny of the dictionary. Thus he could now ignore the accents in "tatter" and "tassel" and have no accent till "tangled" is reached. But if "tangled" is the first accent there are only three in the line: and that is the one thing forbidden! So he writes a grave accent over the *e* in "dangled" and puts a dot beneath it :

Tatter-tassel-tangled and dingle-a-dangled

Dr. Bridges ignored this grave-accent mark: justifiably, I think; you may accent the -ed in a case like this (see below) without making it a full syllable.

The metre of passage 8 demands comment. It is a deliberate slow-down after the excitement of passage 7, and is to be read in a dainty, mincing manner. But I think it was intended to preserve the four-beat of the rest of the poem. As it stands the first line is in three-beat, but is perhaps incomplete. It was written (as the Editor printed it) with space enough for a word left between "down" and "the," and possibly "along" would have been added here, or "all" inserted before "down." You can also save the rule by accenting a central pause, or even the initial "And." In the third line you can save it by accenting both syllables of "lovely": rather a desperate measure, but excused by the fact that "-ly" (like *dangled* in 7) is rhymed to an accented word :

And dówn ' the furrow drý
Súnspúrge and óxeýe
And láce-leáved lóvelý
Foám-túft fúmitóry

The stanza thus illustrates most of the exceptions to the one rule, or its scholion, admitted by Hopkins on occasion. They are : (a) accent on a pause (or pause counted for accent), (b) accent on a run of unaccented syllables (metrical pause), (c) on the secondary accent in a polysyllable, (d) on a single unaccented syllable at the end of a verse when this is rhymed with an accented syllable, and (e) the *equal* division of an accent between two syllables. It may also be noted here that Hopkins sometimes allows himself to *suppress* an unimportant dictionary accent in such words as "very," "ever," etc.

It can well be asked how, with only one rule and plenty of exceptions to that, there will be any prosody left worthy the name. The answer is that there is none left in any hands save those of a subtle and conscientious craftsman. That is why the host of Hopkins imitators are so ineffective. But if the one rule is kept, with good reason for all exceptions; if these do not destroy the predetermined beat-count; *then* you have a prosody which differs from the English tradition only by going a little further in the direction in which it has always tended. They are some of our greatest poets who have adventured furthest with success in that direction : Shakespeare, Donne, Milton, Crashaw, Coleridge.

A note in conclusion on one of my own patch-lines which, since it seeks to imitate Hopkins, may need, as some of his lines are said to need, explanation. "Shake shadow," then, which is "sun's-eye-ringed" is what you see under a big tree on a sunny day when there is a "velvety wind." The shadows of the leaves upon the ground shift and slide over one another; but in among them slide things more mysterious: circles of light now larger, now smaller, now dimmer, now brighter. I had often marvelled at these before I read in a book that they are images of the sun's disk formed by pin-hole passages which his beams find through the "rafts and rafts of leaves" overhead. (Such an image can be formed by a pin-hole opening in the shutter of a dark room.) The soft wind stirs the leaves; the openings between them change position, narrow or widen; and the sun-images move about and contract or dilate as the foci alter. That was the meaning of those magic moons. If only Hopkins had had occasion to crystallize them in his verse !

GEOFFREY BLISS.

OUR CATHOLIC MARRIAGE SERVICE

PROFESSORS Pollock and Maitland, the authors of the "History of English Law," used an illuminating phrase when, in speaking of the marriage ritual commonly followed in this country, they referred to the whole service as "a curious cabinet of antiquities." They had in mind presumably the "form of the Solemnization of Matrimony" in the Book of Common Prayer, but their description applies not less forcibly to the ceremonial which, for the last three hundred years, has been in use among English Catholics. Both forms are based upon the pre-Reformation "Ordo ad faciendum Sponsalia," which occurs in the old Sarum book known as the "Manuale," and from this it has resulted that the Catholic and Anglican marriage services have many striking features in common. In fact, the general resemblance is so close that it would be no exaggeration to say that the points of difference between them are fewer than those which mark off either of the two from the ritual now observed by any Church, Catholic or non-Catholic, upon the Continent or throughout the world.

It is easy, however, to see how this has come about. In the Middle Ages owing to the slowness of communications, the difficulty, as well as the cost, of multiplying written texts, and the disturbed political conditions, a large measure of freedom was left to each bishop in the matter of ceremonial. It might almost be said that every diocese had its own separate "use," or set of customs, which supplemented in various ways the less essential features both in the celebration of the Liturgy and in the administration of the sacraments. Naturally there was an imitative tendency at work in dioceses which lay close together, and in England, for example, almost the whole country south of the Humber seems to have followed the observances of Salisbury—the Sarum rite—probably because certain liturgical ordinances, ascribed to St. Osmund, Bishop of Salisbury, were held in great repute.

Further, it will be readily understood that no religious ceremonial was so much exposed to the variations of local usage as that connected with a wedding. In matrimony it was not the priest, but the contracting parties themselves who were the ministers of the sacrament. Pope St. Nicholas I (858—

867), in his letter to the Bulgarians, had formulated the doctrine that it was the consent of the parties which made them man and wife. But for consent they must know the meaning of the words they were using, or at least they must understand the questions which were being put to them. Everywhere the vast majority of people knew no other language than their own vulgar tongue, and consequently the use of a formula couched in Latin was impracticable. But there was more than this. Marriage had existed in every part of the world before Our Lord raised it to the dignity of a sacrament. In all countries the occasion was invested with a certain solemnity and associated with particular rites and ceremonies, often quite harmless in themselves. The suppression of these observances would not only have wounded national feeling, but it might even have suggested to some dull brains that without the customary forms people were not properly married. Recognizing this, the Council of Trent very wisely sanctioned the retention of these ceremonies so long as they were free from abuse and served any edifying purpose. No attempt was therefore made to exact uniformity in the celebration of the sacrament of matrimony, and when, in 1604 and again in 1610, small liturgical manuals were printed at Douai for the use of priests on the mission in England, the marriage service in these was left practically unchanged just as it stood in the Sarum books before the Reformation.

In 1614, however, at the instance of Pope Paul V, an official Roman "Rituale" was published. In it the marriage ceremonial is limited to the barest essentials. A brief expression of consent having been elicited from bridegroom and bride, this is followed at once by the clasping of their hands, and by the priest's declaration *Ego conjungo vos in matrimonium*, etc., i.e., "I unite you in wedlock in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." From that moment the parties are man and wife; not indeed in virtue of this statement, but in virtue of their acceptance of one another. Then the ring is blessed by a short prayer and sprinkled with holy water. The bridegroom takes it from the priest and sets it on the ring-finger of the bride's left hand, while the priest repeats again: "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." The Roman marriage service proper concludes with a few short versicles and another benedictory formula, but a rubric is added to the effect that "if the nuptials are to be blessed" the priest will then say the "Mass

for Bridegroom and Bride" contained in the Roman Missal, observing all things which are therein laid down.

Let me only remark that twice over in the rubrics of this short official text of 1614—it is still retained without change—reference is made to the permissibility of local variations. First, when the priest is directed to say: "I unite you in wedlock," etc., it is noted that he may also use other words according to the received custom of each (ecclesiastical) province. Secondly, at the conclusion of the form a clear statement is inserted that, in regions where other laudable customs and rites prevail in the celebration of the sacrament of matrimony, the holy Council of Trent desires them to be retained.

In entire accord with the liberty thus conceded, it happened that when a new edition of the Ritual for English Catholics was issued in 1626,¹ the marriage service, though following the outlines of the Roman book of 1614, departed from its concise severity by retaining several characteristic features of the native Sarum observance. It will be convenient to discuss these excrescences under separate headings in the order in which they occur. The reader will thus be in a better position to understand how the collection of so many strange survivals of the past in one service should have been called "a curious cabinet of antiquities."

THE PRELIMINARIES

The rubric which now stands at the head of the marriage service closely follows the Roman "Rituale" of 1614 and is a very brief statement in comparison with that which formerly appeared in the old Sarum books. It enjoins that the ceremony should take place only after the banns have been published on three separate days; it directs that the priest should be vested in a surplice and white stole and requires the presence of two or three witnesses. In the Sarum ceremonial, however, it was prescribed that the priest should first deliver a short address in the vulgar tongue to the following effect.

Lo, sirs, we be here gathered together before God and all His angels and saints, in the sight of holy Church, to knit together two bodies, that is to say this man and this woman, to the end that from this time forward they must

¹ The nature of the new Ritual appears clearly from its title: "Ordo Baptizandi, aliaque Sacraenta ministrandi, et Officia quædam Ecclesiastica rite peragendi; ex Rituale Romano jussu Pauli PP. V. edito, extractus." The earlier books of similar character, printed at Douai in 1604, etc., were entitled: "Sacra Institutio Baptizandi, Matrimonium celebrandi, etc., juxta usum insignis Ecclesiae Sarisburiensis."

be one flesh and two souls in the faith and in the law of God, to deserve together everlasting life in amendment of what they have done amiss heretofore. Wherefore I admonish you all that if there be any of you who know any lawful letting [*i.e.*, any legal impediment] why this man and this woman may not be wedded together lawfully, that now he say and proclaim it.

This address, for which there is no counterpart in the Roman "Rituale," has been considerably expanded in the Book of Common Prayer, where it ends with the familiar words: "Therefore if any man can show any just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace." There is also for Anglicans a lengthy exhortation at the end, the plain speaking of which has given rise to not a little criticism. It may be noted that in the Catholic "Ordo Administrandi" of 1759, an appendix, which includes "Instructions and Exhortations in the celebrating of Matrimony," has been added, no doubt by Bishop Challoner, which touches upon very much the same topics and includes the same citations from the Epistles of the New Testament.

THE FORM OF CONSENT

Much wisdom underlies the simple directness of the Roman form of obtaining the consent of bridegroom and bride. Each is asked in turn whether he or she be willing to accept the other as wife or husband, and is invited to reply "I will." The marriage is, in fact, completed by the pronouncement on both sides of these two words. On the other hand, in the old Sarum book we have a much fuller form of words (recorded in Latin, but, of course, translated in practice) which were directed to the same end. The "Manuale" phrased it thus:

Then let the priest say to the man in the mother tongue, in the hearing of all: "Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife; wilt thou love, honour, hold and cherish her, in health and in sickness, as a husband should a wife, and forsaking all others keep thee only unto her as long as ye both shall live?" Let him answer: "I will."

The reader who is familiar with the Book of Common Prayer will at once recognize that the Anglican service has departed but little from the Sarum form in eliciting the consent of the parties. In the question addressed to the woman she is asked in addition: "Wilt thou obey and serve him?"

This, of course, has only recently been rendered optional by the discussions on Prayer Book revision.

It does not seem to me that the compilers of the English Catholic Ritual were other than well-advised in setting these forms aside in favour of Roman simplicity. Beautiful and impressive as these declarations may be, and sorry as we may be in some ways to have lost them, they are distinctly open to objection as a formula which has a momentous legal import. They are bewildering in their complexity, and the person addressed may very well be in a state of mind in which he or she is prepared to accept some of these things, but not all, at any rate, not all in the same degree. A bride, for example, may be willing to love unreservedly, but to obey with conditions. On the other hand, once a definite consent has been elicited in precise terms and the matrimonial union of the parties thereby completed, no objection can be raised against the further definition of the obligation thus incurred as expressed in the familiar form of troth-plighting :

I (Robert) take thee (Jane) to my wedded wife, to have, and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death do us part (if holy Church will it permit); and thereto I plight thee my troth.

The clause "till death do us part" does not quite correspond to the medieval original, which was "till death us depart." "Depart" in old English was often used transitively in the sense of sever, as when Caxton writes: "What God hath joined man may not depart." The word still stood in 1626, but the editor of the 1686 edition, printed by Henry Hills in London, seems to have thought it was obsolete, and like the Common Prayer Book of 1662, substituted "till death us do part," and this later has been changed to "till death do us part."

As for the words enclosed in brackets, their apparently conditional form led to misunderstandings, and of late years leave has been obtained from Rome to omit this clause. For Catholic marriages in Ireland, however, they are still retained, despite the fact that they gave rise to a famous marriage case which came before the Irish civil courts in the year 1911.¹ The

¹ This was the case of *Ussher v. Ussher*. An attempt was made to set aside a marriage performed according to the Catholic rite, the plea in part being that in the circumstances the Church could not *permit* and that the seemingly conditional consent given by the bridegroom was not, therefore, binding. See *The Tablet*, January 27, 1912, pp. 122-124.

ori
str
the
"P
ord
in
"P
160
1
did
gro
bus
162
late
Om
con
be
to
Pra
med
che
tho

T
two
cere
may
Nup
brid
stag
is do
tion
direc
riage
Wife

But
bene

² A
clear
obedie

origin of the phrase "if holy Church will it permit" is strangely obscure. In many of the old printed Sarum texts there is nothing corresponding to it. In the rest the word "permit" is not used, but instead "if holy Church it will ordain." There is no similar clause in the York use, and in that of Hereford we find "as holy Church it hath ordained." "Permit" appears for the first time in the Douai Manual of 1604.

It should also be noticed that the bride's troth-plighting did not originally echo exactly the terms used by the bridegroom. She promised in addition to be "bonnair and buxom [*i.e.*, meek and obedient—so the Catholic Ritual of 1626 translates the words]¹ in bed and at board." But no later edition—I have before me that of 1639 printed at St. Omers—contains these words. Hence we may say with some confidence that for 300 years past the Catholic bride has not been called upon to make any explicit profession of obedience to her husband. On the other hand, the Book of Common Prayer, though rejecting the "bonnair and buxom" of the medieval rite, has exacted from the bride a promise to "love, cherish and obey" which still stands uncancelled in the text, though now optional in use.

THE GIVING AWAY OF THE BRIDE AND THE HAND-CLASP

There are many clear indications that from an early date two primitive elements or stages must be recognized in the ceremony of a Christian marriage as we now know it. These may be called respectively the Espousals and the actual Nuptials, the last being completed by the handing over of the bride to the care of the bridegroom. In course of time the stages I speak of, even if they were ever quite distinct, which is doubtful, have become inextricably confused. One indication of an originally dual ceremonial is to be found in the direction of the Sarum use, and of other uses, that the marriage service is to be begun in the church porch. Of Chaucer's Wife of Bath we are told :

She was a worthy woman all her live;
Husbands at the church door had she had five.

But the completion of the whole ceremony and the solemn benediction take place during Mass at the altar. Limits of

¹ An examination of the Oxford English Dictionary makes it abundantly clear that "buxom" (=bow-some, *i.e.*, pliable) in early English meant simply obedient.

space will not allow me to enlarge upon the historical antecedents of our present rite, or to attempt to determine which of its features belongs to the Espousals tradition and which to the Nuptials. Our materials in any case are insufficient to enable us to arrive at a clear decision. There seems every reason to suppose that the troth-plighting, though it now follows the consent *de præsenti* which makes the parties man and wife, was originally only a promise of marriage *de futuro*. In several Continental Rituals, for example in that of St. Omers as late as 1727, we have a distinct form of *fiançailles* in which both parties solemnly pledge themselves to each other *per verba de futuro* and engage to complete the marriage within a suitable period "if holy Church consents thereto." This is closely parallel to the "if holy Church it will ordain" of the Sarum use. But though this is only a *desponsatio* the priest in the diocese of St. Omers bids them clasp hands and putting his hand upon theirs says: "And I, as a minister of the Church of God, in His name accept and approve this your mutual engagement in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." It is also clear that the parents must have had something to say in such a contract, and this brings us to a brief rubric, which is entirely absent from the form in the Roman "Rituale," but which is represented both in the Anglican and the English Catholic service. "Let the woman," says the latter, after the "I will" has been spoken on both sides, "be given away by her father or her friends." This is an exact repetition of the Sarum rubric; but the minister in the Anglican ceremony is directed to ask: "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?", and though no formal answer is indicated, the rubric speaks further of "receiving the woman at her father's or friends' hands."

This formal surrender of the bride by the head of the family undoubtedly takes us back to remote antiquity and to the institution of the "mund" among Teutonic peoples. The woman was bound to have a protector, and by her present marriage she passed from the dominion of her father or relatives into that of the bridegroom. He was now responsible for her, and she in some sense belonged to him as his possession. But though prehistoric ideas as regards the subjection of women were apt to be rather brutal, Christianity, where the true spirit of Christianity prevailed, had done much to mitigate the thraldom in which wives had once been held. The words of

dismissal in which the Toledan and some other Spanish Rituals terminate the exchange of vows are full of significance. "I give you," says the priest to the bridegroom, "a helpmate and not a slave; love her as Christ loves His Church."

Concurrently with the troth-plighting the Catholic Ritual prescribes a clasping of hands, and here again, following the Sarum original more closely than the Book of Common Prayer, it directs that the hand of a maid should be bare, while that of a widow should be gloved. This clasping of hands is no doubt a very widespread symbol of trust and fidelity. It figures in the marriage ceremonial of pagans as well as of Christians, and in the Christian ceremony of other lands, notably in parts of Germany and Spain, it is emphasized by special features. In many places the priest wraps his stole round the clasped hands of the parties while they pronounce their marriage vows under his dictation, and we also hear of his own hand covering the hands of the pair, or of a rose being laid upon the stole with which the hands are bound together. It is probable that this enwrapping of the clasped hands is of pagan origin, for in the "Life of St. Emmeramus," attributed to Arbeo in the eighth or ninth century, we find an account of a heathen woman given in marriage to a Christian, her hand being wrapped round with a cloak "as is the custom in wedding ceremonies."

THE WEDDING RING

Here again we have a feature which may equally well belong to the Espousals or to the Nuptials proper. An engagement ring seems to have been known to the Romans (see Juvenal, Satires, vii, 13) and it was probably worn by the woman on the same finger of the left hand upon which wives now wear their wedding ring. We also read of an *anulus pronubus* in Tertullian. In its use among pagans it probably served as a pledge given at the *sponsalia* by the bridegroom as an earnest of the future fulfilment of his share in the contract. But there is also reason to think that at a later period it became confused with certain Teutonic customs of "morning gifts" and is consequently here to be connected with the actual marriage. How the idea of constancy came to be associated with the ring we cannot quite positively say, but it was, at any rate, a form of ornament which need never be laid aside even in sleep. On the other hand, it is certain that the phrase *anulo fidei subarrhata* (engaged by the ring of fidelity)

had become a stereotyped phrase among early Christian writers from St. Ambrose downwards, and Pope St. Nicholas in his letter to the Bulgarians (c. 866) speaks of the betrothal made with *arrhae* "through the adorning of the bride's finger with a ring of fidelity." In the Spanish and some other foreign Rituals, mention of two rings, one to be worn by the bride and the other by the bridegroom, frequently occurs, and this seems less significant of any sort of handsel than of a recognized mutual obligation of constancy.

Our English Catholic Ritual seems to be exceptional in its exact retention of the Sarum practice regarding the journey of the ring from finger to finger. Taking the ring, after it has been blessed, from the hand of the priest, the bridegroom is bidden to place it first upon the thumb of the bride's left hand saying: "In the name of the Father," then upon the forefinger, saying "and of the Son," then upon the middle finger with the words "and of the Holy Ghost," and finally on the fourth finger, saying "Amen." "And there let him leave the ring." I do not know that anyone has ever pretended to explain the precise significance of this evolution, though it was formerly practised not only in England but in certain dioceses of France and Germany. I am tempted to conjecture that it was originally devised only as a practical expedient for arriving at the right finger. When one speaks of "the fourth finger," especially to a rather bewildered rustic who, in the excitement of this unique experience, is not likely to be at his brightest, there is bound to be confusion as to whether the thumb is or is not to be counted in, even if he has wits enough left to count four of anything, even of objects more detached than the fingers of his bride's left hand. To put the ring upon the right finger was, according to medieval ideas, important, because, as the Sarum rubric reminds us, there was "a vein which went from that finger [the *digitus medicus*] straight to the heart."

A curious doubt occurs here as to the hand upon which Catholic ladies in the seventeenth century wore their wedding rings. If I have said above that our modern Catholic Ritual accurately reproduces the use of Sarum, I ought to have made one qualification. In the Sarum rubric it is enjoined that the bridegroom is to take the ring from the priest with the three principal fingers of his right hand, to hold the bride's *right* hand with his own left, and to leave the ring eventually upon the fourth finger of that same right hand of hers. This is

noteworthy because the Book of Common Prayer from the beginning prescribes that the ring is to be placed upon the fourth finger of the woman's left hand, and because the Roman Ritual of 1614 also pronounces in the same sense. Nevertheless, down to 1750 or thereabouts the English Catholic Rituals all direct that the wedding ring is to be placed on the bride's right hand. I should be curious to know if any portraits are to be found of Catholic gentlewomen during this period wearing a wedding ring on their right hands. So far as I have had an opportunity of observing, artists were not very fond of painting ladies' hands with rings. Polydore Virgil, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, notes it as an English peculiarity that the bridegroom put the wedding ring upon the right hand of his spouse.

It is interesting to note that in an article which the late Dr. Wickham Legg some years ago devoted to this subject he points out that St. Charles Borromeo († 1584) laid down rather emphatically that the left hand of the bride, not the right, was the proper place for the ring. Thinking that there may have been some earlier practice at Milan in the contrary sense, Legg wrote to the custodian of the Ambrosian Library and learned, as he tells us, "from the Rev. Achille Ratti that in the Ambrosian books before the time of St. Charles he had been unable to discover any particular direction as to the hand upon which the ring in marriage was to be put." Needless to say, the Rev. Achille Ratti was no other than His present Holiness, Pope Pius XI. Dr. Legg also expresses his gratitude to the same scholar for the information that in the Milan "Ritualia" there was no trace of any blessing of the wedding ring before the time of St. Charles.

THE GOLD AND SILVER

In one other detail our present Catholic Ritual adheres more closely to the use of Sarum than the Book of Common Prayer does in imitating the same passage in the service. I do not speak of the blessing of the ring and the use of holy water, which, of course, are lacking in the Anglican form, but of the *arrhae*, *i.e.*, the gold and silver given to the bride, which the Reformers converted into "the accustomed duty to the priest and clerk." Although the word "worship" in the English of that day implied no more than honour and respect, no one can fail to be impressed by the form of homage paid in these words: "With this ring I thee wed, this gold and silver I

thee give, with my body I thee worship and with all my worldly goods I thee endow." There would be much to say about these *arrhæ*, but this article is already too long. Let me only note the contrast between the words just quoted and the spirit which prevailed in the days when the bride was purchased *per solidum et denarium*, a gold piece and a silver piece, as I venture to interpret it. The clue, I think, lies in the thirteen *denarii*, the *treizain* which it was customary to present to the bride in so many parts of France and Spain, for we know that there was a period when the *solidus* was regarded as the equivalent of twelve *denarii*. No doubt this was only the earnest of a more substantial payment in other forms, but the whole points to a commercial transaction, whether Roman or Teutonic in origin, and the Church has at least the merit of raising woman to a status in which she could no longer be regarded as a chattel, to be used, trampled upon or tossed aside as her lord and master might will.

THE NUPTIAL BLESSING

I have not room to discuss the solemn nuptial benediction. This text can be traced back to the Leonian Sacramentary (? fifth century) and is the oldest Christian feature, perhaps the only primitive Christian feature, of the nuptial ceremony. One point of great interest is that this long blessing, pronounced almost as a continuation of the Canon of the Mass, is concerned mainly with the bride, as if she in a special degree needed the divine help to support the burdens and temptations of the married state. Let me further notice that in many Rituals, as, for instance, in that of Toledo (1631), we find that after the consent of the parties has been obtained and the priest has pronounced them man and wife, he goes on to exhort them not to live together until they have received the nuptial benediction at Mass. For this they present themselves on another occasion at the church porch, where the ceremony of the ring and *arrhæ* takes place; and it is only then that they are led to the altar and the *missa nuptialis* is celebrated with its special blessings and the peculiar Spanish adjuncts of the veil and "yoke."

HERBERT THURSTON.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

RECLAIMING THE PONTINE MARSHES.

AT the moment the question of finding work for the British unemployed is engaging the attention of the Government, and it seems that at long last something in the nature of constructive scheming will take the place of a policy of *laissez-faire*. In this connexion it is worth while looking abroad to see what other countries have accomplished.

The work of the Dutch on the Zuider Zee is already fairly well known, but a similar enterprise in Italy has received only brief notice in the majority of the British papers. This is the big reclamation scheme which is being brought to a successful conclusion by the Duce.

We are not enamoured of dictators here, but one advantage we must allow them—they can get on with a pressing job without waiting for its need to be argued in Parliament, a process which too often leads to stalemate. When, therefore, Signor Mussolini announced some time ago that he would have the Pontine Marshes drained by 1935 it was clear that the enterprise would be entered upon with zest, and that nothing short of a national catastrophe would allow the work to get in arrears. Not only was the drainage to be effected, but 4,000 farm houses were to be built and occupied. Also it was planned that three new cities should arise from the swamps which so far had been a death-trap to all who attempted to live in them. Such a scheme as this meant ordered planning, and a time schedule was drawn up to which those responsible should work.

The Pontine Marshes, by their proximity to the capital, are ideal for growing dairy and farm produce for the needs of Rome and this, among other objectives, the Duce had in view.

Signor Mussolini could not have fixed a three-year limit to the enormous task had not a good deal of pioneer work been accomplished before he announced his plans. In 1926 a Committee was formed to deal with the question and, under Signor Prampolini, the pioneering work had gone forward steadily. Thus a long road and several branches were laid out, totalling not far short of 200 miles; 300 miles of drainage canals were dug and five villages had been built to accommodate the workers employed on the scheme.

Perhaps the most spectacular of the pioneer works undertaken by the clever engineer was the construction of a big canal, twenty-four miles long with a width of eighty-five feet, which collects the

water at the foot of the hills and carries it straight to the sea instead of allowing it to spread over the low-lying land, thus ensuring it remaining a marsh.

Co-operation is the key-note of the enterprise, and the work goes forward with a swing. Something like 15,000 men are at work with the latest machinery for dealing with their colossal task. War veterans are massed into a gallant company who co-operate with the farmers and landowners keen on the improvement of their holdings.

The magnitude of the enterprise is perhaps best appreciated by visualizing the Pontine Marshes as covering no less than 175,000 acres, the whole forming a depression between the mountains and the sand dunes which march with the sea. These dunes have been the obstacle which nature herself seems to have erected against her normal plan of drainage from mountain to sea. The rain water descending the mountains could not make its way through the dunes and was thus thrust back over the land, flooding it often to a depth of several feet. In the summer there was a partial drying out and the process produced an area in which malaria was ever present, taking in health—and also in death—a heavy toll from the people who risked everything to gain a livelihood from the land.

Centuries ago the Romans realized the problem of their marshes and endeavoured to drain them by means of a gigantic canal. The scheme lagged in its development with the result that the marshes remained much as they were.

In the sixteenth century Pope Leo X determined to win back the Pontine Marshes for the people, and the task of reclamation was entrusted to a nephew of the Pontiff. Quite a large area of singularly rich land was recovered, and the fortune of Giuliano, to whom the Pope had given a charter, was made. Later, many attempts were made, but all of them were of the piecemeal variety instead of one big effort. It was useless to recover a part of the marshes and people them with farmers who suffered in health from the malaria developed by the unreclaimed portions. Thus it was left for the Duce to offer a Government grant of 87½ per cent of the total cost if the work were made a national effort.

A marvellous transformation has already been effected in the face of the country-side, but the greatest achievement is the vastly improved health of the folk who have lived in that region for years, and of those who have become colonists of the Pontine Marshes. While the older inhabitants cannot shake off altogether the effects of long years in a malarial swamp, their children are no longer weazened and pinched; they are, in fact, more healthy than in other parts of Italy. Four years ago not a child was born who did not suffer cruelly from malaria in its first year, and often grew up to be permanently affected, but now it is rare to have a new case of malaria reported. The success of the Americans in the Panama area has been repeated here, and both nations owe a

great deal to that patient pioneer in the remedying of malaria—our own Ronald Ross, whose splendid services during his life were not appreciated as they should have been.

As in other directions, Mussolini has been drastic in his undertaking. A landowner on the marshes is offered substantial help in equipping his land and making it fit for families to live on. The loan is repaid in easy instalments and only the lowest interest charges are made. The owner is asked to provide a house with farm buildings of a simple type for every thirty acres of land. If he declines, the Duce takes over the land and hands it to the war veterans' organization which is dealing with the reclamation.

Where the landowner has obeyed he may have had something of a struggle, and his returns are not handsome. But he has the feeling that he has done the right thing and helped not only his country but the happiness of the families who are now prospering, on simple lines of course, upon land which was practically useless three years ago. In addition, the over-population of other portions of Italy has been reduced by transfer of families to the Pontine Marshes.

The success of the new farmlets is largely due to the fact that every member of the families upon them is directly concerned in their welfare. The women do more than the housework, and the children share the care of the chickens and animals. The wool from the sheep is spun and made into clothing, and often the men-folk will make the whole of the footwear required from leather which they have themselves tanned. Harvest time has been made a time of great rejoicing, the Duce himself coming down to the Pontine Marshes to share in the festivities.

So in place of misery and malaria there is now a happy colony of people thriving exceedingly, working hard, early to bed and equally early afoot. The Government looks to the education of the children in schools, equipped with the most up-to-date apparatus.

Three new towns, Sabaudia, Pontinia and Aprilia, will be added to Italy when the reclamation is finished, together with fifteen large villages. Sabaudia and Pontinia are now being occupied; Aprilia will be ready for occupation by October next year.

The whole of the land has now been drained under the Government scheme; some small areas being drained by private owners have not yet been completed. So far the reclaimed land has been taken over by 25,000 farmers and their labourers who have brought into cultivation some 15,000 acres. We must reckon, besides, the trading and working population of the new towns.

Crop figures for the year ending December, 1935, give interesting totals for the main crops, viz., wheat, 11,030 tons on about 4,000 acres; oats, 800 tons; maize, 1,020 tons; sugar-beet, 1,326 tons: the acreage for the last three items is not given. The land so far cropped represents 10 per cent of the whole reclamation. When the completed scheme is in full operation, both population

and crops should be increased ten times, an enormous gain to the country, and a striking example of bold yet judicious Government enterprise.

G. G. JACKSON.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION, 1936.

I MUST begin by asking forgiveness for remarking and largely basing the arrangement of this survey upon the verdict that this is pre-eminently a woman's year at the Royal Academy. I say this, not because a good proportion of the exhibitors are women or because the work by men is less good, but in the sense that much of the most striking work is by women and that to a woman, without doubt, belong the laurels of this year's fame. This is Dame Laura Knight, who shows six oil paintings, including the one (No. 520) that she has to deposit with the Academy to be hung permanently in its Diploma Gallery (to which too few people ever find their way) in virtue of her election to full membership as a Royal Academician. These paintings are, in the order of the Catalogue, "The Show is On" (143), "Ballet" (199), "Dawn" (520), "Spring in Cornwall" (539), "The Paddock at Ascot" (676), "Rain at Ascot" (680). The most striking superficial fact about these canvases is the extraordinary command over subject and technique as displayed in the variety of subjects dealt with and in their handling. Except for the two Ascot pictures, indeed, which are alike in subject and treatment, it is difficult to credit one artist with all these works. A capable artist is often up against one particular difficulty—a difficulty of temperament. If he continues to develop his natural single-minded bent, to produce the work for which he is known, which has brought him distinction, he will probably be criticized after a time by contemporaries for the reason that it is too repetitive, that he should break fresh ground. Or else the critics will complain that in versatility lies lack of strength and individuality as an artist. Both these accusations may be justified. Yet could we ever have too much of Vermeer's typical work? And Rembrandt's, for instance, though marked by different qualities and technique at different stages in his career, bears always, to us, the stamp of his special genius. If, then, any criticism can be levelled at Dame Laura Knight's painting it is, that by reason of her versatility it does not always contain the germ of her particular ability. Yet each of her works shown here is of outstanding accomplishment. Past history would lead one to the verdict that her circus scene (143) is the result of the most natural development of her art. Certainly this large canvas shows a boldness of technique and draughtsmanship, a breadth and simplicity of eye (enabling her to present her figures and reproduce her at-

mosphere straight off without overpainting) which must command admiration. But when we go on to her still larger and more ambitious canvas, "Spring in Cornwall," there is even more to marvel at and for quite other reasons. What a brilliant painting, with those two small figures, in a blaze of light, holding their own so well, from the spectator's standpoint, in a great space of sun-swept, wind-swept Cornish landscape, in sunshine after rain. Here, subject, conception and handling seem the outcome of an imagination and of artistic sympathies quite different from those governing the first work discussed. This picture is felt, even more than reasoned, to be fine art, and the nation is fortunate to have acquired it through purchase by the Royal Academy under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. "Dawn" is a most accomplished academic study of two nude girls, "Ballet" a pleasing colour scheme and treatment of girls in ballet costume which rather challenges comparison with Degas' masterpieces. The two Ascot canvases are brilliant impressionistic studies of turf life brushed in with great dexterity and dash, pleasing in colour and full of fresh air and life; masterpieces in their way, both of them, sketches though they are.

Another woman whose work achieves distinction in its bizarre theatrical style is Miss Doris Zinkeisen, with her two portraits of women (356 and 756) remarkable for their delicious colouring and the verve of the execution. With these may be mentioned Miss Anna Zinkeisen's "Rocking down the Row" (300), a charming picture of a very alive child in full action on a rocking-horse. One of the most interesting of the many portraits this year of clericals is Mme. Elizabeth Polunin's "Rev. Dr. Dale" (301); its technique is unusual, the portrait an effective whole. Miss K. E. Olver's two double portraits of children are neither of them (422 and 432) quite as satisfactory in colour as that shown last year, but are, all the same, competent and pleasing work and well deserve their places on the line. In style they seem to me eminently suited to their subject, and for this reason I prefer them to Miss Cathleen Mann's little boy, "David" (473), although there is no question that, psychologically speaking, this is an arresting portrait. Among other paintings by women, the late Miss Beatrice How's "L'Infirmière" (392) may not, on first inspection, seem to hold its own against the stronger work surrounding it. But this is a superficial verdict. The deep feeling which informs it is merely reticently expressed, and just on that account it is the work of a true artist. It has also been purchased under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. Mention must be made of Mrs. Delissa Joseph's "High Holborn" (423) and Miss Sylvia Gosse's "Cardinal Pacelli" (227). The latter deserves a better place; it is a pity it could not come down nearer to eye level, in preference to some of the work of James Fitton; for the public, at any rate, might prefer it. Mary

D. Elwell shows a good interior, "Winter Sunlight" (305), and Brenda Moore an attractive flower study, "Foliage and Berries" (491).

Meredith Frampton's "Sir Edwin Lutyens" (45) is a remarkable, and to me, most attractive portrait. It is interesting to compare its highly detailed work with the highly detailed, though very different, work of Gerald Brockhurst. Frampton has, to my mind, the more sympathetic and more sensitive eye; he seems to work more from the heart, Brockhurst more from the brain. It is wonderful how, in an age when artistic convention is priding itself on having broken away from Victorian detail and found broader formulas, Frampton yet succeeds in pleasing with deliberately precise and meticulous work. The longer one looks at this portrait of his the more does one come to share, as one did last year, the artist's own evident conviction of the soundness of his aims. T. C. Dugdale's "G. K. Menzies" (139) looks a fine portrait, as does also Sir William Llewellyn's "Archbishop of Canterbury" (158), while the yellow gloves in Augustus John's "Thomas Barclay" (168) strike an exactly right note in this manly delineation. Other interesting portraits, each in its own way, are Glyn Philpot's delightful "Mrs. Robert Lutyens" (196) (Philpot, again, is an artist who never rests on his laurels; he always finds a new way of saying things), Alan Beeton's "Marguerite" (18), two arrestingly frank portraits of men by George Belcher, and three works by Simon Elwes. One of these is a full-length portrait of the Duke of York (capably painted, of course, but who except Holbein, has ever completely escaped the paralysis induced by a royal sitter?), the second a head of "Oswald Lewis" (316), the third (415) a conversation piece—an interior showing Sir Richard Sykes, Bart., in his drawing-room, with two male servants and a dog. Of these three canvases, the two last of which are pushed into corners, the Baronet in particular deserves a more central place. This modest little picture, pleasing in colour, should, in years to come, rank as a worthy example of characteristically English art: a delicately satirical presentation of an English aristocrat—a real young blood—in his aristocratic English home, complete with faithful retainers and aristocratic dog.

James Bateman's "Commotion in the Cattle Ring" (191) shows remarkable concentration within the scene on a thrilling moment and is most dramatically presented. L. Campbell Taylor's "The Harpist" (52) is less "polished" than some of his recent work had become and consequently more pleasing—it is a lovely picture. W. Russell Flint's "Four Singers" (211), accomplished though it is like all this artist's work, somehow left me unsatisfied. But Harry Morley's "Caledonian Market" (183), a robustly coloured, well planned "close-up," recalling Pre-Raphaelite work, is very rich and satisfying. Frank O. Salisbury's "Jubilee Thanksgiving

Service" (163) has unity, but must have been an ungrateful task. The Lying-in-State of King George V evidently lent itself better to artistic treatment, although F. W. Elwell's result (310) is not as dignified as that by Frank E. Beresford (378) which Queen Mary has bought. One should look well at W. W. Russell's two small genre portraits (627 and 683), Philip Connard's "Georgina" (599), Terrick Williams' "Roses" (449), James Sleator's "Interior" (527), and the five works, including a remarkable unfinished flower decoration (361), and "The Zodiac" (601), by the late Ernest Procter.

Much of the landscape work this year seems good but dull, lacking in the imprint of the artist's personality. This cannot, however, be said of J. McIntosh Patrick's two fine conceptions in chestnut and green—"Springtime in Eskdale" (322) and "Kinnordy" (330), which charm at once by their attractive viewpoints and their delightful draughtsmanship and colouring; and there is vision, likewise, in C. R. W. Nevinson's blue London studies (727 and 730), his "Battersea Twilight" being a particularly masterly work, vigorous and beautiful at the same time. Stanhope A. Forbes is still producing fine colourful pictures in a style which will soon, it appears, belong to the past.

In the water-colour and tempera rooms much good work was again by women but the only one which really held my attention was the tempera painting, "In Search of Peace" (900), by Miss Louisa Hodgson. Clearly this symbolic decoration is the problem picture of the year. Among much realism it struck a note of its own. It is not so much interesting for its subject, however, as for its arrangement and treatment, and chiefly for the artist's high power of expression; the colour, too, is most pleasing. This work will repay careful study from many aspects.

In the large South Room of water-colours stands a case (1630) of twelve carved ivories by Richard Garbe, sculptor, just elected an R.A. If this work cannot be called "modern" in conception, it combines with great felicity knowledge of human form, feeling for decorative form, and appreciation of classical form: ivory craftsmen of this stature are rare in England to-day.

Among the sculptures proper looms out, not merely by its size, Sir W. Reid Dick's upstanding figure, in the Central Hall, of the Earl of Willingdon, with its grand treatment of what might easily have been dull drapery. Alfred Turner's "Mother and Child" (1507) which flanks it is attractively modelled and composed. Charles Wheeler's alabaster "Torso" (1587) seems to have grown rather than been modelled out of a piece of marble of particularly lovely tints, and contrasts sharply in manner with the style and characterization of Frank Dobson's "Margaret Rawlings" (1575), the colour of which may please some people but not all. These two pieces stand in the Lecture Room, where women's work again

holds its own well in spite of the presence of work by men of greater name and experience. I am thinking of "Twilight" (1526), by Winifred Turner, the colour of which should be specially noticed, and of Marjorie Meggitt's two works, which are full of promise. Her walnut "Daphne" (1531) looks well high up on the wall, and her terra-cotta "Berenice" (1544) has simplicity and character.

This year's show, on the whole, is exceedingly interesting and very much alive. There is great variety of method and much thought in the rooms, and only lack of space prevents me from quoting further examples. I have heard it said, or seen it in print—I forget which—that there is to-day no English school of painting. I do not see how anyone can be quite sure of his judgment on such a matter in his own time. We shall never have here, as they had in China, a rigid code of conventions sanctioned by tradition, to which art was obliged to bow, through which individuality might show but never break. It would be alien to our nature. But I should have said, judging by this year's summer exhibition at Burlington House, that there was no lack to-day of elements for English schools of painting. We must leave this, however, for posterity to decide.

J. JOSHUA.

To St. Christopher

CHRISTOPHER, still at the ford dost thou tarry,
Bowed thy strong shoulders from many a load,
Keen too thine ears, lest a summons miscarry,
And watchful thine eyes that are bent on the road.

From forest and desert, when other guides fail us,
From oceans uncharted, our signal doth come;
From the regions of air, where strange perils assail us,
We call thee and claim thee to pilot us home.

Now, as aforetime, men tell of their knowing
Thy hand on the helm, and thy grasp of the rein—
A voice through the silence, a friendly light showing
A track through the marsh to the roadway again.

O friend of the wayfarer! walk thou beside us,
When age leads our feet to that last lonely ford,
For who shall be stronger, more helpful to guide us,
Than thou who securely once carried thy Lord?

C. M. F. G. ANDERSON.

II. OUR CONTEMPORARIES

AMERICA: May 9, 1936. **Soviet Destruction of Religion.** [A much-needed reminder that Communism is essentially anti-religious.]

BLACKFRIARS: May, 1936. **On Christian Art**, by Ivan Brooks. [Explains the need for artists themselves to possess the spiritual outlook which is essential for the creation of great Christian Art.]

CATHOLIC ACTION: May, 1936. **Concern of the Encyclicals for Welfare of Agriculture**, by Rev. Edgar Schmiedeler, O.S.B. [A timely contribution pointing out how the Holy Father, in reconstructing the whole social order, stresses the importance of a prosperous and stable peasantry.]

CATHOLIC GAZETTE: May, 1936. **Justification by Faith**, by Patrick E. Carroll. [A useful collection of Scripture passages, directly contradicting Luther's pet heresy.]

CATHOLIC TRUTH: May—June, 1936. **Infant Skeletons**, by G.E.A(nstruther). [An exposure of an incredibly silly tale of "convent-wickedness," fathered by the late Mr. F. N. Charrington, and illustrating the credulity of anti-Catholic bigotry.]

CATHOLIC WORLD: May, 1936. **New Communist Attack on Youth**, by G. M. Godden. [Exposing the insidious methods used by Communists to seduce the youth of the nations, including those within the Fold.]

CLERGY REVIEW: May, 1936. **Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament**, by Rev. J. Murphy, S.J. (First article.) [A valuable record of the development of devotion to the Eucharist from earliest times.]

COLUMBIA: Jan., Feb., March, 1936. **Russian Communism**, by M. J. Scott, S.J. [A careful description, drawn from authentic documents, of the aims and methods of Russian Communism.]

COMMONWEAL: May 1, 1936. **The Struggle in Mexico**, by Rev. Wilfrid Parsons. [A vivid exposure of the realities of anti-Catholic persecution on the part of a Soviet-inspired Government.]

DUBLIN REVIEW: April, 1936. **Early Catholic Periodicals in England**, by the Very Rev. Canon J. R. Fletcher. [A very useful summary, dating from 1661, the result of careful research.]

ETUDES: May 5, 1936. **Vitalité du Judaïsme Français**, by Joseph Bonsirven. [A discussion of the position of the Jews in France in relation both to State and Church.]

SIGN: May, 1936. **Pius XI and Legislation**, by J. A. Magner. [Shows how the Pope expects the Church, i.e., Catholics, to take an active part in social reform.]

TABLET: May 2, 9, 16, 1936. **Is Spain going Communist?** [A first-hand analysis of the situation by one on the spot.]

REVIEWS

1—EARLY CHURCH HISTORY¹

THE present work, as its title shows, deals not merely with the formation of one of the greatest thinkers of the early Church, but with the history of the school of Alexandria at the beginning of the third century. The man and the period are alike of outstanding importance in the history of the Church: and M. Cadiou has made a valuable contribution to our knowledge of both. The persecution of Septimius Severus in 201 had broken up the catechetical school of Alexandria: Clement, who had succeeded Pantænus as its master, was forced to retire to Greece. When the storm had passed, his brilliant pupil, Origen, though not yet twenty years of age and a layman, was appointed its head. The city, at that time the world's greatest centre of learning, was a focus of intellectual speculation, where many minds were occupied with the deepest questions of philosophy—the nature of the soul, the freedom of the will, the problem of evil, the origin of the world. It was imperative that the Church should not merely declare her answers to these questions, but should justify her reply to those versed in Greek philosophy. Origen did not shrink from the task. He was the first to attempt to give the Faith the support of a rational theology: and there is no question that his writings had a permanent effect on subsequent Christian thought. M. Cadiou gives an excellent account of the hostile influences with which he had to cope, chief among which were the Marcionite and Valentinian systems. The attack was mainly on philosophical grounds, both of these heresies maintaining that they could satisfy men's minds in a way in which the Church was incapable of doing. Just at this time Ammonius Saccas, the founder of Neoplatonism, was teaching at Alexandria. For several years Origen attended his lectures. The chapters dealing with the earliest stage of Neoplatonism and Origen's relation to that philosophy are, we think, the most important in the book. The author has carefully sifted all the data, and has considerably added to our knowledge on a point of great interest. It is worth noting in passing that Plotinus was one of Origen's fellow-students at these lectures. Though Origen was far from accepting his teacher's system, the experience he thus gained enabled him to turn his adversaries' own weapons against them, and to show that philosophy, so far from being the sworn enemy of Christianity, could be brought into alliance with revealed truth. He dealt with the chief problems under discussion

¹ *La Jeunesse d'Origène: Histoire de l'École d'Alexandrie au Début du III^e Siècle.* By René Cadiou. Paris: Beauchesne. Pp. vi, 424. Price, 38.00 fr.

in his *De Principiis* (*Peri Archon*). Some of the views maintained in that work are, it is true, indefensible, and aroused severe criticism. But in almost every case these are put forward as conjectures, and on points which Origen believed were matter of free opinion. In later works he withdrew several of the theories which he had there defended. There was nothing of the real heretic in Origen. It was, however, inevitable that a party should form desirous to see him removed from office. Many of the more conservative churchmen disapproved of any alliance between Christianity and Greek philosophy. Others were genuinely alarmed by the temerarious conjectures of the *De Principiis*. An opportunity was given them in 231. Origen was summoned to Caesarea to help in opposing the spread of heresy in Syria, and there accepted ordination at the hands of the bishop of that city, without permission from his own bishop, Demetrius of Alexandria. The latter regarded this as a grave infringement of his rights, and not only dismissed Origen from office, but procured his condemnation by a synod of Egyptian bishops. He was forced to leave his country and betake himself to Caesarea. With the later period of his life, the present work is not concerned.

G.H.J.

2—MONEY¹

ON the dust cover, we are told that this is "a financial history of England from the standpoint of a monetary reformer," and this exactly describes it, save for the fact that there is a chapter on American history too. More and more people are becoming convinced that behind our economic difficulties there is some obscure factor which it is very difficult to drag out into the light, and that this factor is the unceasing activity of financiers. But who these financiers are, what exactly they do and from what motives they do it, remains more or less wrapped in mystery to the ordinary man, though books are being published in increasing numbers with the professed purpose of drawing the veil, so far as a well-founded fear of the British libel laws permits. Amongst these books Mr. Hollis's contribution should take a high place. Beginning with medieval England, he traces the action of the financial factor in our history down to the present day, and concludes that its action has on the whole been harmful to the community. Two aspects of its operations he emphasizes in particular; foreign lending and the creation of purchasing-power by the banks. Both of these raise many points of social and economic importance, and neither the one nor the other can be condemned out of hand, though Mr. Hollis appears to attach the opprobrious epithet of "usury"

¹ *The Two Nations.* By Christopher Hollis. London: Routledge. Pp. ix, 259. Price, 10s. 6d.

in a sweeping way to both. At the same time, he admits that under certain circumstances foreign lending may be socially and economically beneficial (p. 175). On the other hand, bank-created purchasing power falls under his unqualified condemnation. Whether one believes that the State should leave this power (equivalent to an issue of notes) to the banks or not, it is not easy to see that the banks are necessarily usurers because they charge interest on loans of bank-money, unless one understands the old word "usury" in a sense different from that attached to it by long established Catholic practice. Mr. Hollis has, however, established his case that financial activities have done much to complicate the economic work of mankind, and to complicate it for the worse; and he is undoubtedly right in saying that "there has arisen the wholly unreasonable notion that all money saved has, as it were, a natural right to interest." As a remedy for the evils he describes in this book, the author urges the stabilization of the general level of prices by Government action. But unfortunately he will leave many of his readers under the mistaken impression that stabilization is not a difficult thing to secure, and that there are no serious objections to it from a social point of view. He says nothing about the argument that, with the progress of productive efficiency, prices tend to fall, so that stabilized prices will lead to a general inflationary situation *via* an inflation of profits. This question of the right policy to pursue with regard to the price-level is a more complex one than will be gathered from Mr. Hollis's pages, and the reader will have to supplement them by studying recent economic literature if he wishes to have full information.

L. W.

3—THE CATHOLIC TRADITION¹

DR. MATHEW'S purpose has been to follow the threads of Catholic life and influence through the last four centuries of English history. And within a volume of quite moderate compass that purpose has been achieved with a remarkable measure of success. It is the sketch of a minority that has maintained its hold upon the ancient English religious inheritance from which the national tradition was gradually disentangled till it came in the end to feel itself distinct and even opposed. Dr. Mathew traces this process of disentanglement: the weakness of the vague, half-yielding "Church Papists" whom every decade found further from Rome; the growth of a Marian Catholicism, no longer co-extensive with the nation, but independent and sometimes intolerant; the calm atmosphere of Anglicanism, secure in the possession of

¹ *Catholicism in England: 1535—1935. The Portrait of a Minority: its culture and tradition.* By David Mathew, Litt.D., M.A., F.S.A. London: Longmans. Pp. 304. Price, 9s.

the country churches and careful of national feeling, exercising its attraction upon the gentry; the sterner and more rugged faith of the north; the "secure, steadfast and self-conscious old Catholicism" of some of the great families; their political division from their Protestant equals; the social separation from their co-religionists; the reaction against foreign influence, be it that of Spain or of France; the regrettable conflicts among Catholics themselves; the rise of a Cisalpine mentality. And after the autumn and winter, the second spring—relief and emancipation, the Oxford Movement, the restored hierarchy, the growth of influence in art and letters, in social and political life.

The book is no mere narrative; it supposes, of course, a general acquaintance with the history of the years with which it deals. It judges, estimates, compares; it essays a verdict upon the vitality of Catholicism in town or country at different points within the four centuries. The style is attractive, balanced, concise. There are excellent pictures, drawn with a rapid but sure hand, of the Jesuit Father John Gerard, for instance, typifying the new Elizabethan Catholic, of Dr. Challoner and Bishop Milner, of Charles Waterton in his conscious Englishness of a hundred years ago, of the familiar figures of the last eighty years, Wiseman, Manning, Ullathorne and Newman. The author's sense of the *mot juste* is most happy: a person or situation is summed up often in a phrase or sentence with a penetrating and at times humorous touch. The book is eminently readable, though it needs and merits careful reading because of the wealth of matter with which it is dealing. It is uncontroversial and conciliatory, and will be appreciated by non-Catholics as an evidently objective study. It might be made available with great profit for the older boys and girls in Catholic schools, though here, because of its conciseness and allusion, it would probably require some commentary.

4—"WANTED—A NEW REVOLUTION" ¹

HERE is a French publication of outstanding importance and interest. But what a title for a work the author of which has been three times Prime Minister, and no less than eleven times a Minister of the Third Republic! Happily, M. Tardieu tells us that his subject divides itself as follows: Part I, "The Captive Sovereign"; II, "Professional Parliamentarianism"; III, "The Sabotage of Public Interest"; IV, "The Reign of Materialism"; V, "The Possible Solutions." He thus reassures us from the start. If a French Revolution must needs be preached afresh, it will not be once again to the accompaniment of tumbrels rattling along

¹ *La Révolution à refaire. I. Le Souverain Captif.* By André Tardieu. Paris: Flammarion. Pp. 282. Price, 12.00 fr.

the cobbled streets with their loads of *ci-devants* on their way to the guillotine, as the chief—and mocking—ornament of the square hitherto believed to be that—de la *Concorde*!

The truth is that France is going to have, at last, not only some extremely plain speaking from the most eminent of her living statesmen, but also a most careful and valuable disquisition on "Democracy" by the man best qualified to think it all out and write it all out for her. M. Tardieu, it will be remembered, has had the full confidence of three of the giants of Republican France: Waldeck Rousseau, Clemenceau and Poincaré, while Prince Bulow once said of him: "There are six Great Powers in Europe; M. Tardieu is the seventh."

He brings to this task the spotlight of his great learning and experience, and the dissecting knife of a political thinker, who excels in the art of penetrating analysis and pithy synthesis. That he will acquit himself of his burden to the enlightenment of his fellow-countrymen, no one will doubt who reads *The Captive Sovereign*. His intense patriotism, tireless industry, complete independence of thought, lucidity and deadly accuracy of statement, mordant wit, and brilliant, incisive penmanship, shine and flash on almost every page.

To give himself a free hand he has, in his own masterful way, severed his party ties with his political friends. He has resigned a safe seat, and banged the door of Parliament behind him. The nearest precedent to this sensational exit of a great statesman from the parliamentary stage is to be found in Clemenceau's retirement, after his betrayal in 1920. But the Tiger was then an old, sick and tired man. M. Tardieu is yet in his prime. He is in the best of health. And he is, he tells us, spoiling for a fight. "My resignation," he writes, "is not an end, but a beginning." Indeed, one gathers from a leaflet enclosed in *The Captive Sovereign* that he will speak, as well as write, for many months to come, on the subject which his patriotism has now made his own, to the exclusion of everything else.

If this period of activity is to be a "beginning" or, in other words, a new starting point, then, with a man of his calibre, and with the inspiring example of so many budding and actual dictators around us, one may well inquire how far M. Tardieu will travel on the road which leads away from democracy? It is a tantalizing speculation which he seems anxious to encourage, in these first pages—not, it would appear, without a touch of puckish pleasure! But his ultimate conclusion is his secret. And it is well kept.

One thing, however, is quite apparent even now. M. Tardieu is thoroughly impatient of—nay, he is clearly disgusted with—the present travesty of constitutional government in France. He does not think such make-believe is democracy at all. It is not even demagogery. Rather is it rifraff-archy, if one may coin a

much-needed word. It is a mephitic growth nurtured in the hot-beds of political caucuses and committees, and transplanted in the hothouse of Assemblies with their own foci of malignancy and cabal. In the result, Parliament is not unlike a seraglio, wherein the Executive and the Nation become unnerved and gradually succumb to an atmosphere of blandishments, threats and intrigue. The further result is that the Nation, which should be supreme, is "The Captive Sovereign." It is not France first, and the parties next, in their due and proper place. It is class politics first and all the way. And, of course—as the author points out—the whole game is played to the tune of sonorous and voluble lip-service in the name of "the sacred rights of the individual."

To carry out his self-appointed task, and to differentiate true democracy from its spurious counterfeit, M. Tardieu, in this first volume, decides wisely to challenge the pseudo-democrats on their own ground. And, truth to tell, he flails and flays them mercilessly. He comes to grips with the shibboleths which Republican France has borrowed from the Revolution of 1789 and from the "Immortal Principles" of the Declaration of the Rights of Man. He traces them back to their true ancestry: Voltaire, Rousseau and the Encyclopaedists. From his account of those democratic idols, it is a parentage of which democratic ideals have little to be proud of. And the permanent interest and importance of the first instalment, thus vouchsafed to us, lies in the close, relentless and piquant study which the author makes, with prodigious erudition, of the Republican motto: Liberty, Equality, Sovereignty. Each of these three components is probed and dissected, in separate chapters, with an effect so revealing and withering that it should leave every Frenchman speechless, if he is an honest searcher for the truth.

It is not possible, in this short review, to quote even the most salient and convincing passages. The reader will have no difficulty in finding them, once he opens this fascinating and engrossing volume. Perhaps, however, the following may be transcribed. It came as a revelation even to one whose mind is not wholly untutored respecting matters French :

France is fed on lies. Universal suffrage is a lie; for three-fourths of the population have no vote. To say that "all votes are of equal value" is a lie; for their value varies with the size of each constituency. To pretend that "the laws are the expression of the national will" is a lie; for they are passed by Houses of Parliament, which are elected by only one quarter of the nation, and which do not even represent the majority of that quarter. Liberty and Equality are lies also; for France lives under a regime of arbitrariness, favour and patronage. Supremacy of representation is a lie; for, on the slightest provocation, responsible Government suffers an

eclipse, and makes way for legislation by decree. *For the last 150 years, the people have been gulled.*

And here is the parting shot: "The revolutionary doctrine, in our regime, is sheer trumpery. *La Révolution est à refaire.*" With this last page of Part I of his *magnum opus*, M. Tardieu leaves us on the tiptoe of expectation.

R.P.

"THE MONTH" FORWARDING SCHEME

The Editor again proffers his hearty thanks to all those readers who by providing a subscription for, or forwarding their own copies to, priests in the mission field, are sharing in that good work which the Holy Father, the Pope of the Missions, has so much at heart. During May twenty additional readers have kindly joined in the Scheme; on the other hand, the list of waiting applicants has itself expanded, so that instead of the ten mentioned in May—since happily provided for—there are now even more asking for this practical form of charity, which one describes as "an oasis in the desert!" The Editor is confident that more readers will come forward to satisfy them. As many are in remote and lonely missions subscriptions to provide MONTHS which can be sent direct will be *especially* welcome.

Readers who are willing to forward their "Month" to a missionary or to provide an annual subscription (14s.) for one to be sent direct to the more distant outposts are asked to communicate with The Hon. Secretary, "The Month" Forwarding Scheme, 31 Farm Street, Berkeley Square, London, W.1.

A stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed and all names and addresses, whether of missionaries or readers, should be *printed in capitals*.

Missionaries should notify the Secretary if their "Months" do not arrive regularly, and both priests and "forwarders" should send us any changes in address at once.

Will all readers please note that the Secretary will be very glad to receive used foreign stamps of every kind. These are being collected and sold to further the success of the Forwarding Scheme.

"MONTHS" SHOULD NOT BE SENT TO THIS OFFICE.

SHORT NOTICES

BIBLICAL.

TWO volumes upon St. Mark's Gospel, by Father James A. Kleist, S.J., are published by Coldwell as further additions to the excellent *Science and Culture* series. The earlier book is entitled *The Memoirs of St. Peter: the Gospel of St. Mark, translated into English sense-lines* (11s. n.). Besides the translation into "sense-lines," it contains some introductory sketches, which in part explain the method of translation. There are also a number of brief notes on the text, followed by some longer theological comments. This first work does not deal with the Greek text, which is reserved for the second and more advanced volume, *The Gospel of Saint Mark, presented in Greek thought-units and sense-lines, with a commentary* (15s. n.). The whole Greek text is printed in these sense-lines, and the three other main features of the book are the detailed treatment of "colometry" (roughly, the division of the text into such thought-units and sense-lines), with especial application to Mark: also of the general features of St. Mark's style: finally, notes on the Greek text. It will be seen that the two books are largely complementary one to another, embodying a solid introduction to the Gospel with a good deal of original and unconventional work, which should help to interest the reader. It is also encouraging to find that it is thought possible to publish such a detailed study of the Greek text, a good sign that biblical Greek is not being neglected. The most striking feature common to both volumes is the use of "sense-lines." This system of Jewish and Biblical parallelism is indeed common to all the Gospels, although to "colometrize" the whole of them would be to over-emphasize this feature, but still has its uses, because the parallelism is so often missed. It is most conspicuous in Matthew, doubtless because it was first written in Aramaic, but it is useful to have it brought out in Mark too. It is, however, difficult to agree with a sentence in the Greek volume, to the effect that "taken as a whole, the Greek of the New Testament is not Jewish Greek" (p. 173). At all events there is much that is Jewish about it: this parallelism is not a feature of hellenistic Greek as such, nor yet, for instance, is "the pliable and good-natured *καὶ*," such as we find it in Mark (p. 152), nor yet the "biblical" *ἀποκρίνεσθαι* (p. 162). Those who have lived among the Welsh will easily recognize what has happened; they twist English to their own linguistic habits, using far too often expressions which correspond to their own, forming (for the most part) possible English, but a possible English that only a Welshman would use. So it was with Jewish Greek; and much of such Greek we find in the New Testa-

ment. It is a point of style that we should have liked to see treated more fully; another is the distinction in style between the common synoptic source and St. Mark's own personal contribution to the Gospel in editing the source. As in the other Synoptic Gospels, the two elements can be distinguished. The discussion of such topics, however, was not essential to the two works before us, which, we may hope, will leave the student eager to explore still further the composition of the Gospel, and to tread with firm and joyful step the avenues here skilfully indicated to his view.

DOCTRINAL.

Father Selden P. Delany, who died in 1935, had been, before his conversion, a prominent Evangelical clergyman in America. After he joined the Church in 1930 he studied for the priesthood in Rome, and was ordained in 1934. Thus he spent barely five years as a Catholic, and yet they were full of useful work for the Church. His account of his conversion in *Why Rome* is a clear, persuasive piece of apologetic, and now this posthumous work *Rome from Within* (Coldwell: 8s. 6d.; Bruce Publishing Co.: \$2.00) aptly continues his apostolate. He himself humorously suggests that the title is too general to be exhaustive: it might have been used for any of those books of "revelations" which apostates write when they have left the Church. But if his volume had been of that class he says he would have called it *The Seamy Side of Rome* and devoted it to the exposure of such abuses as "The Commercialization of Ecclesiastical Art" and (note the *meiosis*) "The Timidity of Priests in Asking for Money." As it is, the book is simply an able exposition of the substance and the presuppositions of the Catholic Faith, considered under its mystical, intellectual and institutional aspects, an exposition couched in the clearest of language by a logical mind brought into intimate contact with it at its source and centre—the Holy See. It is enlivened by anecdote and humour and combined with a thorough understanding of the prejudices and misconceptions concerning the Faith prevalent in the modern world. We have noted two or three minor inaccuracies—"O felix culpa" (p. 35), for instance, occurs in the Church's Liturgy—but they are hardly worth mentioning, as, alas! the author cannot correct them.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

In reply to certain critics of his book on the character of God's action in Nature—*D. Thomae Aqu. Doctrina de Deo Operante in omni Operatione Naturae Creatae* (1923)—Father J. Stufer has issued a very lucid defence—*Gott, der erste Beweiger aller Dinge* (Rauch: 10.80 s.)—wherein, confining himself to the philosophical question, he explains St. Thomas's position thus: God is the first and principal cause of every finite activity merely by

creating and preserving in existence every creature with its nature, inclinations and faculties. In this sense, the proper and immediate effect of His activity is the "esse indeterminatum," i.e., the "esse" as opposed to the "non-esse simpliciter." The creature, as the second and secondary cause, acts in accordance with its natural tendencies and powers whenever it meets its proper object. Merely by creating, arranging and preserving them in being, God can use the creatures as instruments to attain His ends. There is no need for further divine interference; no room, therefore, for the Thomists' physical premention or for the Molinists' simultaneous concurrence. In the same way, God is the First Mover of man's free will. As soon as the intellect presents a particular good to the yet inactive will the latter reacts instinctively, and, once set in action, freely directs itself and the intellect towards any particular good. In this way God's proper effect on every act of a created will is "velle bonum ut sic"; the proper effect of the creature is "velle bonum hoc vel illud." God is thus truly the first and principal cause; the human will the second and instrumental cause. Far from impairing man's liberty, this divine influence is its very reason and foundation. Finally, the author undertakes to prove that, according to St. Thomas, God knows all the conditional future free acts (*futuribilia*) by what is now called *scientia media*. Throughout the book Father Stufer displays a rare knowledge of the Angelic Doctor and of his chief interpreter Cardinal Cajetan. He gives a somewhat unexpected interpretation of the Saint's philosophical system, but expresses his hope of contributing his share towards a clear understanding and a satisfactory solution of this very intricate problem.

Messrs. Sheed & Ward are to be congratulated upon their excellently-produced volume **An Augustine Synthesis**, which has been arranged by the well-known German writer and thinker, Father Erich Przywara, S.J. (12s. 6d.). His shorter *Newman Synthesis* is already familiar to English readers. Christian thought is immensely indebted to St. Augustine—this statement is all too lame—and yet few Catholics, even students of theology, have time and opportunity to make an adequate study of his voluminous writings. Father Przywara has solved this difficulty for English readers and in a volume, which it is quite a delight to see upon one's bookshelves, presented a masterly synthesis of that great Doctor's thought. This is done by extracts from the text, some short, others more extensive, but few longer than two pages, grouped together under headings which take us progressively through the whole range of Augustine's thinking. He begins with the note of truth and faith and search for God; passes on to the antithesis of Creature-Creator and God-Man; and then remains for almost half the work with the concise but significant titles "Man of God," "Man to God," "Man in God." The very titles of his sections and their chapters—Man-Untruth to God-Truth; Man-Abyss;

Night of the Heart; Night in Love; Night of Life; Night between Nights; Old and a Child—are, as Father Martindale points out in an introduction, thrilling and challenging; "it is difficult to rest till one shall have seen what this is all about." This is a work to be more than commended. It will be of value not only to the student (though it has not been compiled for him) but to every Catholic, as indeed to many outside the Fold, who would have contact with profound and deeply spiritual thought. We should be thankful to Father Przywara for making it easy for us to steep ourselves in the thought of one who was acclaimed for centuries as the greatest Doctor of the Church.

HOMILETIC.

Seven Lenten sermons on **The Lord's Prayer**, by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Henry, Litt.D. (Herder: 2s. 6d.), are full of that practical wisdom which characterizes the teaching of Our Lord Jesus Christ. The author seems anxious to let his hearers understand how real a thing is religion, how it ennobles human life; and he illustrates his thesis with examples which are very telling. The sermons are divided into numbered sections, many of which might be taken for shorter discourses; their whole spirit is that of the quiet certainty and strength which is the privilege of living faith.

Another series of sermons, **The Three Hours' Agony of Our Lord Jesus Christ**, by the Rev. John A. Elbert, S.M. (Coldwell: 3s.), treats mainly of the Seven Words, and that in an objective way, endeavouring to express their significance by describing the conditions in which they were spoken. Occasionally, perhaps inevitably, the preacher makes an application; his chief aim has been to relate the facts, and to let their dead, or rather their living, weight tell.

DEVOTIONAL.

The fact that **L'Heure du Matin**, by M. l'Abbé Gros (2 vols., Téqui: 24.00 fr.) is in its eighth edition, is sufficient proof of the welcome it has received and still receives. It is designed to provide matter for a priest's morning meditation; in fact, though divided as for that purpose, it is a treatise on the priesthood, the various Orders, the practical life of the priest, his becoming virtues, the characteristics of his private spiritual life. The author writes with distinct sympathy, even with affection; the whole book is composed in the form of colloquy with God, something like the *Soliloquia* of St. Augustine.

Somewhere in a fascinating book, called **Sept ans d'Examen particulier à la suite de St. Thomas** (Lethielleux: 12.00 fr.), the author, E. Dussault, warns us against imagining that easy and infallible methods of acquiring sanctity are furnished by the latest devout "best-seller," whilst we continue to keep the "old man" in flourishing health. To this shrewd common sense St. Thomas

provides a sure doctrinal foundation, and the Abbé Dussault does the rest with spiritual insight and delightful humour. He fixes a time limit for the "old man"! By the end of seven years, provided we adopt the method prescribed, that far from venerable personage should be no more.

Mother St. Paul's fifth volume of meditations entitled *Vita Christi* (Longmans: 5s.) completes the series on the Public Life, and covers the last ten or twelve days, during which we follow Christ from Peraea, through Jericho and Bethania to Jerusalem, with the events between Palm Sunday and the eve of the Passion. The method of arranging the meditations by "pictures" affords ample material, both for prayer and instruction; this volume is no less engrossing than its predecessors. It also contains a most useful index to the five volumes, as well as a list adapting the contents of the "Christi" books to the Sundays of the year.

As a sequel to a former book *The Craft of Prayer*, a friendly hand has published "verbatim notes of instructions on suffering given by Father Vincent McNabb, O.P.", entitled *The Craft of Suffering* (B.O. & W.: 3s. 6d.). They are not complete discourses; they are rather illustrations of that reflective method, almost at times as if he were thinking aloud, and giving the audience the benefit of his thoughts, which we would judge to be characteristic of their author, and which would seem to be the secret of his appeal to so many. In these notes we recognize Father McNabb's attitude to suffering; its nobility, its beauty, its power to perfect the human soul, its likeness to Christ, its fulfilment of the will of God. The range of his sympathy for suffering is also marked; we see it strikingly illustrated in his analysis of the Agony of Our Lord in the Garden. Perhaps the lesson running through the book is that the fruits of suffering are its best justification.

Monsignor Fulton Sheen has found a new way of treating the Seven Words by uniting them with the Holy Sacrifice, in his little book, *Calvary and the Mass; a Missal Companion* (Kenedy: \$1.00). By connecting seven points of the Mass, the Confiteor, the Offertory, the Sanctus, the Consecration, the Communion, the Ite Missa Est, the Last Gospel, with one of the Seven Words, at the same time he unites the Sacrifice of the Mass with that of Calvary, and the hearer of Mass with the witnesses around the Cross. At the Consecration is an admirable prayer, which is the climax of the whole book.

St. Teresa of Avila, who had so much to say in praise of vocal prayer, would have given a welcome to *Pray for us: A Collection of Prayers for Various Occasions*, compiled by the Very Rev. John J. Burke, C.S.P. (Kenedy: \$1.00). After a pleasing Introduction on the meaning of Indulgences, he gives us prayers, from the Raccolta, the missal, various saints and masters, adding occasionally his own, addressed to the Persons of the Blessed Trinity and Our Lady, then for various intentions in the life of the Church, and

for various classes of people. One cannot go through the book without realizing the charity which has inspired it, and the charity which it inspires.

The month of June is a very fitting time to welcome a most delightful little book on St. Anthony of Padua, and we heartily commend to our readers the collection of stories about the Saint taken from the recently-discovered *Liber Miraculorum* dating from the fifteenth century, *The Little Flowers of St. Anthony of Padua* (B.O. & W.: 2s. 6d.). It is edited by P. Dott. Luigi Guidaldi, O.M.Conv., while the translation by Canon George Smith cannot be too highly praised. The book is reminiscent of *The Little Flowers of Saint Francis*, and as Canon Smith says in his preface, "here is the same delightful archaic flavour, that same naïve freshness of style, and here above all is that . . . simplicity, piety, and devotion which is the spirit of the Ages of Faith."

ASCETICAL.

The sixth volume of the *Œuvres Choisies* of St. John Eudes is entitled *Œuvres Sacerdotales* (Lethielleux: 20.00 fr.). It was to be expected that this volume would be a large one; it contains over 500 pages. St. John, perhaps above all things else the priest's apostle, and above all things a practical Saint, in these works has in mind the priest's practical life; and he writes, as usual, with a swift pen, pouring out the conclusions born of experience. Perhaps the most valuable portion of this collection is the treatise on "The Good Confessor"; a treatise which, even in his day, was translated into many languages. At the end is the Saint's Office and Mass for the Feast of the Priesthood of Christ; a feast which may be soon added to the Church's calendar.

NON-CATHOLIC.

A series of short pamphlets is appearing, published by the S.P.C.K. "for the Anglican and Eastern Churches Association," the titles of which are sufficient to indicate their contents and scope. Thus *Our Ideas and Ideals*, by C. B. Moss, B.D. (3d.), pleads for a union between "the Churches" as this is seen to obtain between the Church of England, the Church of Ireland, the Episcopal Church of Scotland and the Church of the Province of Wales. The same author expounds *Our Debt to the Eastern Churches* (3d.), whilst Ivan R. Young discusses *The Relations of East and West since the Great Schism* (4d.). The *Teaching on the Sacraments in the Eastern Orthodox Church* (3d.) is drawn from the "Holy Catechism" of Nicolas Bulgaris, whilst *St. Seraphim of Sarov "Concerning the Aim of the Christian Life"* (1s. 6d.) includes a biographical sketch of the Saint and a translation of a dialogue on Christian sanctity. *The Orthodox Church* (6d.) is somewhat polemical in tone, and one of its four authors, Canon Douglas,

seems to value the existence of the Eastern Church mainly for its "witness against Rome." Two other titles are: **A Greek Church and its Furnishing**, by Euphrosyne Kephala (3d.), and **Ikons, and How they were Made**, by R. M. French (4d.).

To create false consciences, deliberately to make an act to be a sin which is not, is a grave responsibility, grave unto grievous sin, for a director of souls. The Church of England Vicar of All Saints, Margaret Street, who calls himself "Dom" Bernard Clements, "O.S.B.", in **Precepts of the Church** (Longmans: 2s. 6d.), tells his people, members of that Church whose head swears on his coronation that he is a true Protestant, that they are bound under pain of serious sin to go to "mass" on Sundays and Holy Days of Obligation. What the Holy Days of Obligation are he confesses that he does not know. So too he teaches with regard to other precepts. Dr. Barnes at one extreme, "Dom" Clements at the other, both teaching the Christian truth of the same Church! Yet its members affect to wonder why England becomes more pagan every day, why religion becomes more and more contemptible, why Catholics will not "meet them half way."

HISTORICAL.

The twenty-third number of that excellent series, *Studies in American Church History*, is entitled **French Catholic Missionaries in the present United States (1604—1791)**, by Sister Mary Doris Mulvey, O.P., M.A. (Catholic University of America, Washington). Briefly, the study contains a careful summary of all that is to be found in the monumental *Jesuit Relations*, republished more than thirty years ago by the Wisconsin Historical Society, with some additional confirmation from other sources. Containing as it does in compressed space the historical elements of the *Relations*, it is invaluable to the future student, at the same time that it shows once more what the French, both as a nation and spiritually, did for America in its pioneering days.

A smaller field of that same area is covered by **Sainte Genevieve, the Story of Missouri's Oldest Settlement**, by Francis J. Yealy, S.J. (St. Genevieve, Missouri: \$1.50). The author claims to be giving the record only of a single parish, but in point of fact he relates the history of the Missouri valley, from the conquest of the great river by the earliest traders and missionaries, through the various regimes, Spanish, French and English, until at last the modern settlers from Germany gave St. Genevieve its present strength. It is a well-written book, patiently documented, and contains some good photographic illustrations.

Mr. J. B. Morton, known perhaps to a wider public as "Beach-comber," has given us in **The Bastille Falls** (Longmans: 12s. 6d.) a series of vivid impressions of the course of the French Revolution from 1789 to 1794. It is not a history of the Revolution in

the strict sense and supposes a certain knowledge of its development and some acquaintance with its principal figures. A number of major incidents are selected—for example, the Fall of the Bastille, the Return from Versailles, the September Massacres, the Execution of Louis XVI, the Fall and Death of Danton and Robespierre—and these are described in a graphic manner that is wholly admirable, with a wealth of detail and a swiftly moving *tempo* that seems to recapture the atmosphere of those troubled and yet pregnant years. There are two character sketches, a short one of Rouget de Lisle, a longer and appreciative study of Charlotte Corday. The latter is of peculiar interest and shows how a convent-bred girl, fired by the idealism of the Girondins, could calmly plan the assassination of Marat and declare that she had more remorse for having trodden upon a cat's paw than for having rid the world of him; and yet how her action only brought about the final Girondin collapse and the very events whose course she had hoped to stay. The figures of Danton, Robespierre, Fouquier, Tinville and St. Just march clearly through the author's pages on their several purposes and towards their common doom. The book has the elasticity of historical romance, but for all that it remains history, based on a long and sympathetic study of the period. Through the realistic pictures of cruelty and bloodshed and mob exaltation there gleams a sympathy for the Revolution as such which not all readers will share, and a too kindly verdict upon one or two of its leaders, particularly upon Danton. The book is excellently produced and contains eight splendid portraits, taken from contemporary painters.

A joint production of Messrs. C. G. Mortimer and S. C. Barber, **The English Bishops and the Reformation: 1530—1560** (B.O. & W.: 8s. 6d.) is a book which we have long been waiting for. The authors have laboriously traced the descent of over 100 Bishops during the critical three decades from 1530 to 1560 from the eve, that is, of Henry's schism to the dawn of Elizabeth's heretical "new religion," and have shown which were validly consecrated and which were not, which moreover had the rightful jurisdiction and which had none. They very properly stress this distinction which is generally ignored by non-Catholics and not always understood by Catholics. And hence they find a fundamental difference between the old English Church, the hierarchy of which Henry severed from its proper allegiance to Rome and the Elizabethan Establishment, officered for the most part by laymen, which the civil power set up in the place and possessions of that old Church and which still usurps them. The Elizabethan Bishops lacked, not only jurisdiction which the Head of the Church alone could supply, but also valid Orders, for Barlow who "consecrated" Parker, the Father of the Anglican Episcopate, used an inadequate rite with an heretical intention. The chapters, in which this argument is developed both historically and theologically, are wholly ad-

mirable, and should be of the greatest service in enlightening Anglicans, for the facts are undisputed and the inferences logical and clear. The rest of the volume is devoted to the framing of tables of descent of our Bishops with elucidatory comments.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

In the old method of writing saints' lives the various Christian virtues were enumerated in order, and examples given of how perfectly the holy person practised each. Father Aloysius Roche, in *The Splendour of the Saints* (B.O. & W.: 3s. 6d.), has adopted something of the same plan, but has taken the whole of hagiography for his province in order to illustrate how the saints of every degree and quality, age and sex, have provided examples of all the qualities that elevate human nature exercised in a heroic degree. It is a work that might astonish even a Bollandist, so wide is its range and so multifarious its knowledge—a glorious fantasia on the theme of the Church's Note of Holiness. Here and there, as might be expected, there are inaccurate quotations and anecdotes of incorrect parentage, and, whilst the author does good service in insisting on the saints as models for our dealings with the animal creation, he is on less sure ground—so intimately does the question of self-conquest enter in—in claiming them in support of vegetarianism. However, these are trivial blemishes on an admirable production—a fitting sequel to Father Roche's former volume illustrating the human side of sanctity.

The attraction of Father Macgillivray's last book, *Saints You Ought to Know* (B.O. & W.: 6s.), is its extraordinary simplicity, both in style and in treatment. A very young reader would understand and appreciate everything it contains, and would, with this foundation, be able and eager to read much larger lives of the saints here introduced. Father Macgillivray has covered a great amount of ground; he has told the story of more than sixty saints, most of whose names are familiar to every Catholic, beginning with Our Lady and ending with St. Thérèse of Lisieux. They are grouped under various headings, and in each life we are given just enough to enable us to form an idea both of the work and of the character of the saint.

SOCIOLOGICAL.

A little book entitled *The Labour Contract*, by Professor B. F. Shields (B.O. & W.: 5s.), will prove a useful introduction to the study of industrial relations. Two somewhat elementary chapters deal with the guild system and "the age of individualism." The young worker is next considered, and a brief account given of legal provisions to prevent the economic exploitation of the young, and to foster vocational training. Successive chapters treat of wages, conditions of work, industrial disputes and the methods

adopted for settling them. The book has the merit of taking into account, so far as its space permits, conditions in the Dominions and foreign countries.

LITERARY.

There can be no doubt that American writers excel in the reflective essay. It gives scope for that independence of thought which is theirs, not too much trammelled by tradition, not too much clogged by mere learning. As they look on Europe, and judge it as a whole, so they look on many things in life, material and spiritual, and give originality to ideas one might have thought commonplace. Of this, *The Sacrament of Duty and Other Essays*, by Joseph McSorley, C.S.P. (Kenedy: \$1.00), is an excellent example. Written in beautifully flowing English, it treats of such subjects as Doing One's Duty, Progress in Prayer, Cheerfulness, Open-mindedness, the Unconverted World; trite enough subjects, one might have thought, yet all seems new, there is not a dull page anywhere. It has been a pleasure to read these essays; we thank the author for them.

FICTION.

Father Owen Dudley has developed a very effective narrative style of his own which is best described by saying that with very little adaptation his stories could be represented on the screen: in that real sense they are essentially picturesque. Thus they are very easy reading, although they convey a vast amount of salutary information about things that matter. Secularism or forgetfulness of God is a spiritual disease as old as the fallen world itself, but we have lived to see atheism turned into devil-worship, a defiance of God, and reproducing in the souls of those that practise it all the vices that unredeemed human nature inevitably develops. In *The Coming of the Monster* (Longmans: 6s.) we are brought into close touch with the foul thing, sometimes open and unashamed, sometimes in various disguises, with the "Masterful Monk" of other tales, and others of the children of light, busy denouncing or detecting it, and in the end are shown that, in God's providence, vicarious sacrifice is the one efficacious means of counteracting what is radically selfishness unchecked. Those who are conformed to this world will be startled and perhaps shocked at the *denouement* of this dramatic and elevating tale.

No one but a woman capable of deep observation and clear analysis could have written *Love is too Young*, by Miss Isobel Macdonald (Duckworth: 7s. 6d. n.), and no one but a believer in Catholic morality could have handled its theme soberly and without offence. For it deals with the passion of love sometimes excited in the heart of an immature girl by the attractions of adult manhood and with the same emotion inspired even in the mature

towards those of their own sex. The result in the case of one who has not had Catholic training nor the support of religious belief is contrasted with the reactions of a convinced and practical Catholic, although the latter has to fight to maintain self-control. In the hands of the unconscious, a psychological study of the kind could be, and indeed has been, repulsively treated, but Miss Macdonald, whilst analysing the phenomena acutely, never fails in due reticence. The story is delightfully set in a background of apt descriptions both of scenery and of personality. Perhaps a Catholic reader would prefer a little more positive Catholicism in Bride, the heroine, whose first thought in regard to the man who attracts her is *not*, as it ought to be, whether he shares her Faith.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Latin *jeu d'esprit* by a leisured Cistercian Abbot of the twelfth century has been honoured by being edited solemnly as a classic by Mr. E. P. H. Goldschmidt, M.A. It is called *Burchardus de Bellevaux: Apologia de Barbis* and is published by the Cambridge University Press in a limited edition, and has been printed "for the first time from the only known MS.," as the editor says, "jucunditatis causa non ad augmentum scientiarum." The treatise may add little to what history has already recorded about the tonsorial habits of medieval monks, but it certainly introduces to us an abbot with a sense of humour, whose vivid imagination enabled him to weave some entertaining exhortations around the subject of beards. Along with much allegorical interpretation of Scripture he gives moral and doctrinal instruction to certain Laybrothers who had taken too literally his threat that they would have their beards singed if their conduct did not improve. Latin was truly a living language for this erudite monk, who does not hesitate to make it generate new words for his "*Barbologia*."

The well-known *Colloquia* of Vives, written for the young prince who afterwards was Philip II of Spain, has again been edited by Father Blasius Verghetti (Marietti, Turin). The modern reader will be amused by the ingenuity with which Vives introduced into these Latin conversations a vocabulary that would cover almost every detail of life, from boots, shoes and trousers to all kinds of food, and many kinds of games. Incidentally one learns much of the schoolboy of the period. An Italian index at the end supplies the meaning of many words which one would fail to find in "*Lewis and Short*."

With the intriguing title—**Private and Confidential** (Grayson & Grayson: 10s. 6d.)—a presumably authentic collection of letters has lately been published. Racy, trenchant and well-informed—with the additional advantage of being able to present alternately the respective points of view of (civilized) man and woman, and to indicate the interplay of the higher complementary qualities of

either sex—this record of a correspondence between "Mericia" and "Adrian," friends of long standing, both of them middle-aged and "well-established," should have a considerable vogue. Here is a wise and witty, if not always unprejudiced, commentary on modern life—its manners, history, art and literature, etc.—and although it is concerned chiefly with a section only of society at large—the well-educated, travelled and sophisticated section, to which both correspondents belong—yet the outlook of each writer is one of wide horizons, and they are alike in possessing unusual powers of understanding and analysis, and of self-criticism, both national and individual. That is to say, these letters are the product of two alert and well-stored minds, of disciplined intelligences further taught by experience to look shrewdly, yet with sympathy, beneath the surface of current events, instead of treating them in the "two-dimensional" fashion of the Screen—a habit fostered, if not engendered, by the incessant flow of "news" in modern days. One might be glad to describe the correspondence more at length, if length were at one's disposal, but there is room only to assure the reader that this is a book to get, to keep, and to read and re-read.

Missionaries and administrators who have to learn a Bantu language prefer a simple and practical grammar. Father J. O'Neil, S.J., has succeeded in producing such a work. His *Shona Grammar* (Longmans: 5s.) gives a sufficient introduction to the language; he uses the old-fashioned terms of our classical grammars to give the general outline of this dialect. However little this method may appeal to the specialist in Bantu languages, it will be very serviceable to the beginner. Each rule is abundantly illustrated by simple phrases and followed by progressive exercises. Those who work through this book will have gone far in exploring the interesting field of Shona thought and idiom.

Mr. H. V. Morton can always be relied upon to take his readers on the most delightful journeys by his books, but in his latest, *Our Fellowmen* (Methuen: 3s. 6d. n.), he takes us travelling among those important people of the present day who do England's work—the bus driver, typist, signaller, and many others, and with a wave of his wand—his magic pen—turns all these, whom we know mostly as types, into living personalities, whose hopes, dreams, and fears we are allowed to share. The author's delightful sense of humour is as delicate as it is virile and we are sure this little book will charm Mr. Morton's multitude of old admirers, as well as gain him new ones.

To foster the spirit of Christ in schools, especially in schools destined for training to the priesthood, *Le Christ au Collège*, by P. Leonard Bohler, O.F.M. (Téqui: 7.50 fr.), should be very useful. It is addressed to masters and educators, not to pupils, encouraging them in their work, and giving them hints as to how

it may best be done. The whole spirit of the book is one of great encouragement.

PERIODICAL.

An American quarterly magazine, **Records of the American Catholic Historical Society**, published by the Society (\$2.00 per year, single number, 50 cents), will be of interest to students of American Catholicism. It contains in each number separate studies, of characters that, in larger works, might be easily passed over, of special points which a scholar will have examined, etc. As a mark of its breadth of vision, the September number of last year is wholly taken up with a "pageant of the English Martyrs," entitled, "The Greater Glory," by Sister Mary Donatus, I.H.M., which puts on the stage, as accurately as possible, the actual events surrounding the deaths of St. John Fisher and St. Thomas More. The Society belongs to Philadelphia and is now entering its 53rd year.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

Three of the four new C.T.S. 2d. pamphlets that have reached us are concerned with missions. The first is the important Apostolic Letter of the Holy Father to the whole of the Catholic world, entitled **The Missions**, which we cannot urge the faithful too earnestly to read. He alludes with regret to missionary articles "in which less desire is apparent for the increase of the Kingdom of God than for the influence of the writer's own country," and pleads with the faithful to aid and encourage the missions by their prayers, for "the labour . . . will be in vain unless it be fertilized by Divine Grace," and exhorts them to help missionaries in every way possible. One small way our readers can do this is by joining our Forwarding Scheme, particulars of which will be found on page 562. The inspiring **Story of Father Damien** is well told by Teresa Lloyd in a simple and interesting way, and **Black Robe** is a short life of St. Isaac Jogues—the great apostle and martyr of the American Indians—told and illustrated for children, in a way to fire youthful hearts with missionary zeal. **The Catholic Church and the Sick**, by J. M. Brennan, M.R.C.S., gives the history of nursing from earliest times to the present day in the Catholic Church.

EDITORIAL NOTE

All contributions submitted to the Editor must be typed and be accompanied by a sufficiently large stamped addressed envelope—stamps (or Post Office coupons from abroad) alone will not suffice. Articles so submitted should be concerned with matters of general interest, and be the fruit of expert knowledge or original research. They should not ordinarily exceed 3,500 words, and must be intended for exclusive publication in the "Month," if accepted. As a general rule, subjects dealing with the exposition of theology and ethics are reserved to the staff.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

ALLEN, London.

Out of the Mists. By Mary Teresa Parnell. Pp. 96. Price, 2s. 6d. n.

AUSTRALIAN C.T.S., Melbourne.

The Catholic Church and Reason. By Rev. Henry Johnston, S.J. Parts I and II. Price, 2d. each.

BEAUCHESNE, Paris.

Massabielle ou la Joie de Lourdes. By Louis Lefebvre. Pp. 244. Price, 16.50 fr.

BONNE PRESSE, Paris.

Pie XI et la Presse. Actes Pontificaux, 1922—1936. Pp. ix, 334. Price, 12.00 fr. *Hitler et Rosenberg* ou le vrai visage du National-Socialisme. Pp. 161. Price, 5.00 fr.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, LTD., London.

Gabriel's Ave. By Rev. F. H. Drinkwater. Pp. 173. Price, 5s. *Apologetics for the Pulpit.* Vol. II. By Aloysius Roche. Pp. ix, 241. Price, 6s. *Ordeals of Souls.* By J. P. de Caussade, S.J. Translated by Algar Thorold. Pp. vi, 117. Price, 5s. *The Insight of the Curé d'Ar.* Vol. II. By Chanoine F. Trochu. Pp. xv, 234. Price, 10s. 6d. *Addresses to Women.* By Abbé E. Gibert-Lafon. Translated by Margaret Smith-Masters. Pp. ix, 171. Price, 5s. *St. John Bosco for Children.* By Wilkinson Sherren. Pp. 73. Price, 1s. *God or Mammon.* By Rev. F. H. Drinkwater. Pp. 24. Price, 2d. *Grains of Incense.* By Rose A. Carter. Pp. 47. Price, 2s. 6d.

CALLENBACH, G.F., Nijkerk.

De Kerk in het Leven en Denken van Newman. By Dr. W. H. Van de Pol. Pp. 304.

CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION FOR INTERNATIONAL PEACE, Washington.

An Introduction to Mexico. By Various Authors. Pp. 48. Price, 5s.

COLDWELL, LTD., London.

Thoughts on His Words and Ways. By the Rev. J. E. Moffatt, S.J. Pp. 88. Price, 2s.

DESCLÉS, Paris.

Summa Theologiae Moralis. Vols. I and II. By B. H. Merkelbach, O.P. Pp. 786, 1,030. Price, 30.00 fr. and 40.00 fr.

DIETERICH'SCHE VERLAGSBUCHHANDLUNG, Leipzig.

Die Sozialphilosophie der Stoas. By Eleuterio Elorduy. Pp. xii, 268. Price, 15.00 m.

DISTRIBUTIST LEAGUE, London.

An Essay on the Restoration of Property. By Hilaire Belloc. Pp. 88. Price, 1s.

GILL & SON, Dublin.

Schools of Kildare and Leighlin, A.D. 1775—1856. By Rev. Martin Brenan, M.A., etc. Pp. xxi, 616. Price, 10s. n.

HAUTES ÉTUDES, Tientsin.

Sagesse Chinoise et Philosophie Chrétienne. By Henri Bernard, S.J. Pp. vi, 277. *Etudes sur L'Humanisme Chrétien en Chine à la Fin de la Dynastie des Ming.* By Henri Bernard, S.J. Pp. 28.

LONGMANS, London.

Medieval Representation and Consent. By M. V. Clarke. Pp. 408. Price, 18s. *The Onlie Begetter.* By Ulric Nisbet. Pp. 112. Price, 6s. n. *Bishop Challoner.* Illustrated. By Michael Trappes-Lomax. Pp. vii, 285. Price, 10s. 6d. n. *Before the War: Vol. I. The Grouping of the Powers.* By G. P. Gooch. Pp. viii, 438. Price, 10s. n.

METHUEN, London.

Jack, Jill and God. By R. A. E. Edwards. Pp. 239. Price, 5s. n. *Our Fellow Men.* By H. V. Morton. Pp. xii, 172. Price, 3s. 6d. n. *First and Last.* By Hilaire Belloc. Pp. 311. Price, 2s. 6d. n. *Dear Sir: A Selection of Letters to "The Times."* Edited by Douglas Woodruff. Pp. xviii, 331. Price, 8s. 6d. n.

OUSELEY, London.

Love, Courtship and Marriage. By E. R. Hull. Pp. 200. Price, 3s. 6d. *Teresa Neumann.* By Rev. C. E. Roy and W. Joyce. Pp. 198. Price, 3s. 6d. *Cecilia.* By Rev. B. Williamson. Pp. 185. Price, 3s. 6d. n.

ROUTLEDGE, London.

Clement VII and Henry VIII. By Pierre Crabités. Pp. 275. Price, 12s. 6d. n.

SHEED & WARD, London.

The Living Source. By Paul Bussard. Pp. 66. Price, 2s. 6d. n. *The Will to Freedom.* By Ross Hoffman. Pp. 139. Price, 3s. 6d. n. *In the Likeness of Christ.* By Edward Leen. Pp. xxvi, 361. Price, 7s. 6d. *Christianity and Race.* By Johannes Pinsk. Pp. xx, 96. Price, 2s. 6d. n. *Song in the Night.* By a Poor Clare Coletine. Pp. vi, 217. Price, 6s. n.

Eud

1

4.
in
in
6.

ie
J.
ne
la
rd,

on-

ob.

By

n.

By

8s.

ar:

ers.

ice,

E.
Our
Pp.
and
11.
lec-
es."

Pp.

By
6d.
E.
rice,
ham-

By
rice,

Bus-
The
man.
the
Leon.
Chris-
insk.
Song
Col-